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ELVIE THE FOUNDLING:

—OR,—

THE HOMICIDE OF HAZLEHURST.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.—[CONTINUED.]

VALMONT, as he spoke, carelessly tossed the little volume of songs which he took from Elvie's hand the day that he stole on her unawares, as she stood on the cliff, on the table, near which Herbert who had risen in his excitement stood. He took it up, and as the leaves shivered to the tremulous touch of his fingers, he turned to the blank leaf on which with his own hand he had inscribed his name and Elvie's.

"You *do* know it, I think," said Valmont, with one of those quiet, sneering smiles, which so cruelly chafe the proud and wounded spirit.

"How came you by it?" said Herbert.

"The fact of my having it, should be answer enough, yet I will not deny you the gratification of learning the way and manner. In the first place, we read it together on the cliff, for we spent there a short, delightful hour, before the sky was darkened. I was reading aloud an exquisite Scotch song, when we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which to us was the first intimation of the coming tempest. The book was in my hand, and she could read in my looks the request I did not venture to make. Though she didn't say 'Keep it, and find in some of those beautiful songs the new language of my heart,' the silent eloquence of her countenance was more expressive than words."

During this speech, evidently got up with no little effort for the occasion, Herbert had been rapidly turning the leaves of the book, noting with a quick eye those stanzas he had many times read to Elvie, and which the afternoon Valmont stole on her solitude, she had marked with a pencil.

"You seem moved, Mr. Beverly," said Valmont, as he observed his agitated and hurried manner.

He did not look up, but continued to turn one leaf after another, as if he feared that some line or phrase would escape his eye on which hers, as he believed, had many times fondly rested. Valmont, after this last remark, remained silent and still, till every leaf in the book had been turned. He then said, reaching out his hand:

"I will take my book, Mr. Beverly, if you have finished your examination."

"It never again shall be polluted by your touch," said Herbert; and before Valmont was aware of his intention, he threw it upon the live coals, burning in the grate, and buried it beneath them with the heel of his boot.

"I will have it yet, at least a remnant of it," cried Valmont, springing forward, and attempting to rescue the burning volume; but Herbert, with the nervous energy of a naturally powerful and well-knit frame, excited to the utmost by angry passion, pushed him back, and then held him as if he had been a child.

The brow of Valmont grew dark with rage, as he vainly struggled to free himself from the vice like grasp of one, whom he had deemed a mere boy in physical strength, as well as in years; yet when he saw the dark fire that burnt in the eyes which looked down into his, he quailed beneath their glance, and his furious and unavailing passion was changed to fear. He saw that he had tempted the anger of Herbert to the utmost—that he was perfectly in his power, and judging by what he would have been incited to do himself in a like situation, he thought that his life, even, might be in danger.

When at last, the blaze of the burning book for a moment brightened and shot upward, then flickered and died away, leaving behind it nothing save the leaden-hued ashes, which still in more than one instance retained the form of leaves—leaves which her hand had so often turned, and which now the lightest breath would scatter abroad, he almost unconsciously let go his hold on him, whom he felt convinced was both a liar and poltroon.

"Be gone, sir," said he, pointing to the door. Valmont did not hesitate to avail himself of the unceremonious permission, but when he stood in the open doorway, he turned and drew a pistol which had been concealed about his person.

"This has been carefully loaded," said he, "and I never yet missed my aim. But I spare you. So quick and easy a death would leave me still unavenged. Do not flatter yourself that I shall forget this evening, and you will do well to bear it in mind. You needn't fear but that you will have your pay, and that in no stinted measure."

Herbert scarce heard this threat—much less did he heed it. He stood on the spot where he had released Valmont, still preserving the stern attitude of command he had assumed when he told him to go. When, at last, he ceased speaking, and closed the door behind him, Herbert sunk into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. A wild tumult of thoughts like the surging waves of a troubled sea came rushing upon him. Of what had passed he could recall nothing distinctly. It appeared like a painful dream.

After awhile, what Valmont had said began gradually to present itself more clearly to his mind, till every word was recalled, and seemed written before-him in letters of fire. While listening to Valmont, he had believed, the same as he had told him, that it was all a vile slander. He strove to believe so still. But what was it—a fiend, that in accents almost articulate, seemed hissing into his ear that Elvie was false?

He felt that it was but the chimera of his own heated brain, yet he could not rid himself of the impression. He rose and paced the room to and fro, hurriedly, as if he imagined that rapid motion would calm the tumult of his mind. But the belief that Elvie had really transferred her affections to Valmont grew upon him. Yes, she had cast him off, and for a stranger, whose only recommendation was his personal beauty; and *that*, though nearly faultless in outline, was of an expression, such as an artist might give to a fallen angel.

As he continued to walk the floor, his eye fell on the writing materials which lay on the table, which at the time of Valmont's arrival he was about to make use of to address Madame Derville. He sat down and wrote rapidly as follows:

"ELVIE.—When you ceased to value my first gift, the least you could have done was to return it to me, and not given it to him, whom with my parting words I warned you against. Not that I thought it would come to this, even if no word of warning had been spoken, for what I said to you was not in a mean spirit of jealousy. I believed Valmont to be a bad man, (I now know that he is), and it was this belief, apart, as I think I can truly say, from any shade of distrust, that made the thought of your meeting him, even as a common acquaintance, inexpressibly painful.

"Enclosed, is your first gift to me. But, Elvie, do not give *that* to him. Should you do so, I could pray that the trees which now lies in shining rings, and gleams upon me from the open envelope, where you placed it, might be transformed to the glittering coils of a serpent, that would sting him to the heart. It has been to me a talisman, but that is past.

"Once more I implore you to shun that bad man. If lost to me, do not be lost to yourself. Farewell, Elvie—farewell forever.

"HERBERT BEVERLY."

CHAPTER XI.

ANXIETY AND IRRESOLUTION.

VALMONT had been nearly a week without hearing from Robert Decker, when he received the following epistle:

"As yet the coast remains clear. Harder must have either gotten on the wrong scent, or has given up the contemplated search. I saw the girl Elvie, last Sunday—went to church (or meeting as they call it here) for the express purpose. She *is* handsome, Jim—well worth looking at. For all that, I don't think it hardly paid for sitting through a sermon which I thought would never end, though I found on looking at my watch when it was over, it fell a little short of half an hour.

"You were right in advising me to lay aside that magnificent chain, splendid pin, and superb cloak. I was as well as you, that they would be out of place here. There is not a soul but that is too stupid to admire them, except the pretty red-cheeked Peggy I saw the evening of my arrival, and little Jemmy Wait.

"It is most intolerably dull here, and as I think I have been on the lookout for Harder long enough, your speedy return will much oblige

"Yours, etc. ROBERT DECKER."

"P. S. I forgot to mention that among the letters which came to the post-office, there was one directed to Miss Elvie Hunsdon, post marked New York, which I took to be from the young chap, who stands a little in your light. I let no opportunity slip of sounding your praises.

"R. D."

After reading the above, Valmont felt relieved, though not satisfied. He was inclined to believe that Harder was still at New Orleans, awaiting his return. Decker might have misconstrued the meaning of what he had heard him say. He knew not what to do. Urgent as his reasons were for wishing to be at Hazlehurst, if by being in too much haste he should meet Harder there, all would be lost. If he could only keep clear of him, till either by persuasion or compulsion—and to him it mattered very little which—Elvie was his wife, he felt that he should be safe; for even if he should go to Hazlehurst, for the express purpose of warning her against him, she would not know that James Villars, the name by which he would of course, designate him, was the same person as Jervis Valmont.

Harder was his evil genius. He had haunted him like his own shadow, ever since the night he had, like a spectre, risen up in his path, after he had done that which if undisclosed, gave him the wealth, and, if he chose to abandon his vices and assume the semblance of respectability, the same position in society as that which had been filled by Merton Willoughby.

For a few years, Harder's demand for keeping the important secret had been what he deemed reasonable; but what to him were at first luxuries, and sparingly indulged in, by being obtained without exertion, soon began to be considered in the light of those necessaries of life which could not be dispensed with; till at length, as Valmont had truly told Decker, he no longer possessed the means of buying his silence.

After anxiously revolving the subject in his mind, Valmont decided, without longer delay, to return to Hazlehurst, and with all possible despatch secure the coveted prize. Relying partly on the jealousy which he believed he had succeeded in infusing into the mind of Herbert, which he had no doubt would result in an estrangement between him and Elvie, and partly on his personal attractions, and that insidious fascination of manners which he trusted he had the power of assuming at will, he confidently expected that she would soon be persuaded to accept the offer of his hand. Should she prove intractable, however, it would, he flattered himself, require no Machiavelian exercise of skill to frame some pretext, by which to lure her a short distance from home, where with a carriage in waiting, and the assistance of Decker, she could soon be conveyed to some isolated place. She then might be terrified into yielding her assent to a marriage, which was the only available means to prevent him from being plunged into the most abject poverty.

As has been said, he decided at once to return to Hazlehurst.

"Then, if he *does* cross my path," said he mentally, at the same time involuntarily placing his hand upon the haft of a poniard concealed beneath his dress, "this must silence him."

He had secured a seat in the stagecoach that left at dawn of day, and had just finished such preparation as was necessary for so early a start, when there was a light rap at the door.

"Come in," said he, thinking it might be a servant come to bring some fuel he had ordered.

The door opened, and a woman dressed in deep mourning entered. It was the same that had been his fellow-passenger the last stage of his journey on the evening of his arrival. He started with a look of alarm, for being without her bonnet and thick veil, he at once recognized her.

"Julia Sandoval!" he exclaimed, "in the name of all that is evil, what brought you here?"

"Since I am here, the way and manner of my coming can be of little consequence," she replied.

"Well, to speak with greater precision, since you are in a mood to quibble with words, what is your object in coming?"

"Tell me your object in coming, and I will reveal mine."

"I had business. Its precise nature I don't feel myself under obligation to disclose to you, or any one else."

"Precisely my case as regards you; but my object in seeking this interview, which I have dreaded, and would have willingly avoided, is to pay back some money which belongs to you."

"Money that belongs to me? I don't understand you."

"It is some you let your sister have. She doesn't want it now—she is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Well, Maria was a good girl enough, and would have let me rested in peace, had it not been for her amiable aunt."

"Yes, you would have rested in peace, and seen her starve. But since she is gone, there will no longer be any occasion for the yearly pittance you allowed her, and so grudgingly doled out. I am proud to be able to say, that I have never appropriated a single penny of it to myself. I have gone hungry many a time, rather than do it, when I was prevented from earning my bread on account of her protracted illness. But she never knew it—it would have made her unhappy if she had, and Heaven knows that I would have stooped to even *that* degradation, to save her a moment's uneasiness."

She had remained standing since her entrance, although he had shoved a chair towards her.

Ere she turned to go, she threw a purse upon the table.

"There's what remained," said she, "after Maria's expenses were paid."

"Why didn't you keep it?"

"I would sooner sink it in the sea. Look—it is no mean sum. There is a gleam of gold through the silken meshes of the purse. Do you ask me to keep it now—you who sold yourself for gold? You hope that we have met for the last time. It may be that we have, yet I think that we shall meet again."

Without waiting for an answer, she left the room.

"What a fool!" said he, when she was gone. "The gold in that purse would have saved her many a hard rub. I am thankful that I have no such quixotic notions."

He took the purse when he had finished this little soliloquy, and opening it, suffered the golden coins to glide out gently upon the table. Having satisfied himself, that as she had told him, it contained no mean sum, with a look of satisfaction, he returned the money to the purse, which he put in his pocket.

At the same moment he was thus engaged, one of the southern stages stopped at the hotel, and among several passengers who alighted, was one who, had Valmont seen him, might have caused him to pass a sleepless night, and induced him to defer his return to Hazlehurst.

CHAPTER XII.

ELVIE RECEIVES HERBERT'S LETTER.

HERBERT had just finished superscribing his letter to Elvie, written after Valmont's visit, as his father returned. Mr. Beverly took it for granted that he had been writing to Madame Derville, and made no allusion to it; while Herbert shrunk from informing him of what would cast an aspersion upon Elvie. But the fever of his mind had flushed brow and cheek, and could not be concealed. His father observed it, and inquired if he were ill?

"I don't feel quite well," was his answer.

"I'm sorry for that, as I must start on my journey early in the morning."

"There's no cause for anxiety," said Herbert. "A night's rest will doubtless restore me to my usual health."

Herbert had obtained his father's sanction to a friendly epistolary correspondence with Elvie, and she had received a letter from him only two days previously, when Joseph Brooks called and handed her another. As she was not expecting to again hear from him so soon, she experienced a kind of foreboding of evil, when she saw by the hand-writing that it was from Herbert. She hastened to her own room, and her hand trembled as she broke the seal. As she opened it, something fell to the floor, which she saw as she stooped to pick it up, was a small square of folded paper, inscribed with the name of Herbert Beverly. She felt faint and sick as she unfolded it, for she knew what it contained. Her first thought was, that he had by some unexpected means found who her parents were, and that their name bore the dark stains of infamy and crime.

"Yet he might have kept this poor tress," said she, slowly raising it from its inclosure, while the rings of soft brown hair, one after the other, caught a tinge of gold from the sunshine that came in at the window.

When she read the letter, something like the truth flashed upon her mind. Previously to receiving it, Joseph had by her request been more than once to the cliff to search for the book. When convinced that it was not there, she thought that she might have dropped it, during her perilous descent, or that Valmont might have retained it. She wrote him a note, requesting him if it was in his possession to restore it to her. It was too late: he had already left the place. While Elvie's mind was still in a whirl of excitement, there was a rap at her chamber door, and then Aunt Margaret's voice said:

"Elvie, may I come in?"

She made no answer, but rose and opened the door.

"I'm afraid that I intrude," said Aunt Margaret, noticing her flushed countenance.

"No, I am glad you're come. Here's a letter from Herbert—read it, aunt—do," said Elvie, with quivering lips, and bursting into tears.

"He accuses you of parting with his first gift. What is it?"

"The song-book he gave me, when we were children."

"And the person referred to, must be Valmont?"

"Yes."

"What reason has he for accusing you?"

"I don't know, though I'm afraid that, instead of dropping the book, as I thought, when descending the cliff, Valmont retained it. I was so angry, and so excited, that I have no distinct recollection whether he returned it to me or not. If he did keep it, he has by some means I fear, succeeded in making Herbert believe that I gave it to him."

"Valmont, I think I've heard, has left Hazlehurst for a short time?"

"Yes, he has."

"And since his absence has without doubt seen Herbert. Yes, it is Valmont's work, but I trust the harm done is only temporary. Write to Herbert. Make a plain, clear statement of the whole affair, and he cannot fail to see that he has been made to believe a lie."

"Do you think that he has a right to an explanation, after having shown himself so ready to believe the accusation of one he professes to deem so unworthy?"

"It is right that he should know the truth, dear child, though I grant that he has shown himself too hasty. I have known a lifetime of wretchedness caused by a resolution to maintain what was called a proper degree of spirit, by persons between whom there was a misunderstanding, when a few words of explanation, by placing everything in a clear light, would have restored mutual confidence."

"I am glad that you encourage me to write to Herbert. I thought of it the moment I had finished reading his letter; but my next thought was, it would seem like stooping to give an unsolicited explanation."

"An attempt to correct an erroneous impression can degrade no one. Herbert is not destitute of candor, and will, as I think, be readily convinced of what he wishes to be true. The sooner you write, the better."

Thus encouraged, the task was soon accomplished, and Elvie, cheered by hope, carried the letter to the post office herself. The post-master who was just stepping into his wagon to drive to the village, directed his son to take the letter, and place it in a drawer with some others, which were to go in the next mail.

Robert Decker who heard and saw all, watched his opportunity, and after Jemmy had left the room, took the letter from the drawer, went to his room, broke the seal and read it.

"It will never do for this to reach the gentleman," he said to himself, and refolding it, he put it in his pocket.

CHAPTER XIII.

HARDER ARRIVES AT WAIT'S HOTEL.

FOUR days had gone by since Elvie had been expecting an answer to her last letter to Herbert, and now the fifth was wearily drawing to a close. All through the day, every glimpse of a distant horseman (horseback being Herbert's favorite mode of travelling) made the color rush to her cheeks and her pulses wildly throb. She had never seated herself near her chamber window, where she could see the stagecoach as it drew up to the post-office. If Herbert was a passenger, she imagined she could recognize him even at that distance. If a letter came in his stead, Joseph Brooks was to bring it to her.

It had been one of the loveliest of autumn days. The brightness pervading the atmosphere was mild and subdued, unlike the garish splendor of summer, and imparted a soft and mellow aspect to the brown stubble fields, and harmonized the tints of the still unfaded verdure of the meadows, and the fainter green of the upland. A warm, purple light, over which seemed floating a golden mist, lay on a distant range of mountains. It was the same regal mantle she had often seen resting upon them, when every moment she expected the hush of twilight to be broken by the sound of those footsteps she was so quick to distinguish from all others. Unconsciously she found herself listening for them now. It was only for a moment; with a start she woke from her reverie, and the two closing words of Herbert's letter—"Farewell forever," smote painfully on her heart, thrilling it with keen and bitter emotion.

"O, Herbert," said she, in a stifled, moaning voice, "if you had only answered my last letter. How could you treat me with such cruel neglect?"

Poor child! It was the first really bitter draught from the cup of sorrow which she had been compelled to taste. Many had been to her

one of the kindest and best of mothers, and he whom she had called father, the strong hearted, cheerful John Hunsdon, had never suffered "the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly."

It was already late for the arrival of the stage-coach, when Elvie heard the distant rumbling of wheels. The coach was not yet in sight, but the atmosphere was in that peculiar state, frequently observable, which gives a resonance to sounds, making them heard at a much greater distance than usual. The sound of wheels after a short interval was overpowered by a merry blast from the stageman's horn, and faintly descried in the distance through the deepening gloom of twilight, the coach could be seen rapidly approaching. It stopped at the door of the hotel, and she eagerly watched to see if there were any passengers. Several alighted, all of whom entered the hotel. Herbert was not of the number she knew, as he would not have gone in. Disappointed in this respect, the hope of a letter grew stronger. Fifteen, perhaps twenty minutes must elapse, before she could know whether one had arrived. She could not spend the interval by herself—it was agony to think of it, and assuming a look of composure and cheerfulness foreign to her heart, she went below. Her mother was busy in preparing supper, and by assisting her she found a temporary relief to her mind. When it was ready, she for the first time looked at the clock. The time was passed—she knew that in all probability it was, before she looked—to longer expect the anxiously desired letter, and it was wonderful, after one quick, painful throb, how still and calm grew the heart which, till the expiration of the last moment that allowed her to hope, had fluttered like an imprisoned bird. But if hope had flown, so had the color faded from her cheek and the light from her eye.

Matty sighed when she noted these changes of countenance, for she well knew the cause. She was glad when she saw her husband coming, for there was always such a hearty cheerfulness in his manner, that no one, she thought, could wholly resist its influence.

John Hunsdon had changed some in appearance, since the evening when with a voice of such hearty cheer he bid his comrades "good-night," after leaving the boat near the city of New Orleans, and then with light and free steps, trod the path which led to his own door where he found a sleeping child. He had changed, but not for the worse. He had grown a little stouter, and the predominant traits of his character were stamped on his face with a truer and more marked impress. His smile was warm, and a cheerful light beamed from his clear, gray eyes. While it was easy to see, by the fine glow of his complexion, that the blood coursed with a free and healthful current through his veins, it was not difficult to perceive, for it was but a natural consequence, that he and the world were on good terms.

Matty was not mistaken when she thought that his presence would bring with it a degree of comfort even to Elvie. Her own heart bounded with new life, there was something so hearty and cheery in the tones of his voice—something so joy inspiring in the light of his smile. And then when they gathered round the table, those cheery tones were changed to accents of such deep veneration and trust, as he asked a blessing on what was spread before them, that no one who listened could have had the thought enter his heart, that it was mere lip-service.

"You had better not sit up for me," he said, when he rose from the table. "I have promised Mr. Marsden that I would call on him this evening, and show him the plan of the house I've been drawing for him, and if he wishes any alterations made, I shall stay and make them, as I cannot spare the time to-morrow."

"You will be home by ten, will you not?" said Matty.

"It is uncertain. I may not be able to get through till eleven, or even twelve."

"I will sit up for you, father," said Elvie. "I have an interesting book I wish to finish reading, and the time will not seem long, even if you do stay till twelve."

"You shall do as you like, my dear child," said he, with a smile, as he turned and left the house.

Meanwhile, the passengers who had arrived in the stagecoach, were seated before a bright fire in the bar-room of the hotel. One of them, a middle aged man, and well-dressed, though there was something in his appearance rather stiff and awkward, inquired of the landlord if there was a man by the name of James Villars boarding at his hotel.

"There is not," was Mr. Wait's answer.

"He's gone then?"

"No person by that name has ever been here."

"That's strange. I felt sure of finding him here. Is there a man by the name of John Hunsdon living in this place?"

"There is."

"Does he live near here?"

"Yes, less than a quarter of a mile distant."

"I rather think I'll call and see him after I've had some supper."

"I guess he wont be at home, this evening," said Jemmy Wait, who had been standing by, listening to what was said.

"Why?" asked his father.

"'Cause I heard Mr. Marsden ask him to come over to his house this evening, and he said he would."

"That's unlucky," said the stranger; "for, as I've no time to spare, I should like to see him this evening."

"Mr. Hunsdon is an acquaintance of yours, I take it?" said the landlord.

"I can't say that he's much of an acquaintance, though I used to see him sometimes when he lived South."

"You are from the South then, I suppose?"

"Yes, I live there most of the time. I wish Hunsdon was going to be at home this evening."

"It may be that he'll alter his mind, and not go to Mr. Marsden's. Jemmy, run over to Mr. Hunsdon's and see if he's at home, and if he is, tell him that there's a gentleman here, who wishes to see him, and will call on him as soon as he has had his supper. Don't be gone long," said he, calling after him, as Jemmy started off to do his errand.

When he returned, the stranger anxiously inquired if Mr. Hunsdon was at home.

"No, sir," was the reply. "He's gone to Mr. Marsden's, and Elvie told me that they didn't expect him back till twelve o'clock."

"Elvie—who is she?"

"Elvie Hunsdon, Mr. Hunsdon's daughter," was Jemmy's answer.

"His own daughter?"

"No, his adopted daughter," said Mr. Wait.

"That is what I thought."

"Maybe, you know something about her?" said the landlord.

"Not much. I should like to see Hunsdon though, at any rate; but if he's goin' to be gone so late, I must call in the morning."

Valmont, who had returned the preceding day had gone to ride, and Decker had found his way into the kitchen, and was talking with rosy-cheeked Peggy, who in consequence, came near letting the bread she was toasting in the gridiron burn to a cinder, when suddenly a familiar voice in the bar-room, a door of which communicated with the kitchen, caught his ear. He heard the inquiry if James Villars was boarding at the hotel, and then listening, without appearing to do so, heard most of what was said. Having waited for Jemmy's return, and found that Hunsdon was not at home, he looked at his watch.

"Egad," said he, "time passes so pleasantly, I came near forgetting my engagement. Mr. Valmont has gone to the village, where I promised to meet him at seven, and it is nearly that now."

"Are you going before supper?" inquired Peggy.

"I must. That is what I engaged to do."

Peggy had nothing to say in answer to this, but her looks showed how loth she was to have so fine a gentleman as she considered Mr. Decker absent from the table, where, when he wished for anything, instead of ordering it, he was accustomed to telegraph her by means of "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," which showed him, in her estimation, equally facetious, polite and condescending.

"Shall you stay all night?" said Mrs. Wait, the landlady, who entered the kitchen time enough to hear him mention his engagement.

"That depends on Mr. Valmont. If we return, it will be in good reason."

Having said thus, he went out by a door which did not oblige him to pass through the bar-room. At first he thought of taking a horse, but finally concluded he had better walk, for he was not certain whether Valmont had gone to the village or not. He set out at a brisk rate, but after he had left the immediate vicinity of the hotel, he walked slowly, being sorely perplexed as to whether he had better proceed to the village at a venture, or loiter by the wayside, and run the chance of intercepting Valmont on his return. This would undoubtedly be the preferable method, if there were no danger, in case he had gone to the village, of his returning by another and more circuitous route, which terminated on the other side of Mr. Wait's hotel. While thus deliberating, he heard a horse approaching at a rapid rate. He could not certainly tell, though he believed it to be Valmont. At any rate he would venture on the signal which had been agreed upon between them, when one wished to apprize the other of danger, which was a somewhat prolonged and peculiar whistle. The horseman immediately stopped.

"Is that you, Rob Decker?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"What's in the wind now?"

"Turn down the lane at your left, where we sha'n't be likely to meet any one, and I'll tell you."

Valmont obeyed, and neither of them spoke till they were at what they thought a safe distance from the high road. Valmont spoke first.

"What is it?" said he.

"Jack Harder is at Wait's."

"And has seen you?"

"No, not so bad as that. He has not seen me, nor I haven't seen him. He was in the bar-room, and I knew him by his voice."

"You think he is in pursuit of me?"

"I know he is. The first thing I heard him say, was to inquire of Wait, for a certain James Villars."

"And he told him no such person was there?"

"Yes, neither there now, nor had been."

"What more did he say?"

"He inquired for John Hunsdon."

"What next?"

"He is going to call on him."

"And will tell him the whole story."

"Without doubt, that is what he intends to do. He would have gone to see him this evening, if he hadn't found he was from home."

"From home? That's lucky. I'll foil him yet. When will he be back?"

"To-night."

"There's no time to lose then."

"What do you intend to do?"

"Prevent Harder from seeing Hunsdon."

"That's easier talked about than done."

"It must, and shall be done."

"After all then, you intend to buy his silence?"

"There's another way, and yet I wish the fellow would not force me to it."

"Why not see him, and find out what he can be brought to listen to?"

"Twill be of no use. The gold it would take to persuade him to be silent, would make a beggar of me. It has arrived at the point, when one of us must—you can understand, Rob."

"When, and what place?"

"That is yet to be thought of. Will you stand by me?"

"How? In what way?"

"Take this business off of my hands."

"It's what I've no liking for. Jack isn't a bad fellow, and he has stood my friend more than once."

"And so have I, I think."

"If you had not, these hints might bring you into as great a danger as you would shun."

"Do you threaten? Do you mean to betray me?"

"No, but my advice is, let Harder go, and trust to chance."

"And what will be the consequence, think you?"

"There will, at least, be no stain of blood on your hands."

"No stain of blood, but the stain of a crime, which will give me a prison for my dwelling the rest of my days."

"Is it as bad as that? I didn't think it."

"'Twas very innocent, no doubt, for me to obtain property by false pretences. If it is so in your eye, 'twill not be so in the eye of the law. No doubt, I would rather be worthy the reputation I have enjoyed of being an honest man, but it has come to this—I must either forego the honesty or the riches, and I chose the latter. Now I'll keep them. A single blow struck home and it is done. Let him go? I were a mere milksop to do it."

"Be a milksop, then."

"You shall not tempt me to be a coward, if you are one."

"I'm no coward. Harder is my friend."

"We part here, but if you betray me, look to yourself."

"I don't care to remain with you any longer, but as good advice is not the worse for coming from a bad source, let me advise you once more to let Harder alone. You are known here as Jervis Valmont. No one will think that you are the Villars he is in pursuit of. He will not remain here long. When he is gone, marry the girl. Make short work of it—the shorter the better. If she wont listen to your wooing, the other and speedier way you spoke of will answer your purpose as well."

"It might be done. I will think of what you have said. Leave me now. Yet stay a minute. Where do you intend to go?"

"To the village. I told them at Wait's, that you were there, and that I had engaged to join you."

"That is well."

Decker lingered a few moments, considering if it were not best to urge Valmont to go with him; but a sign of impatience from the latter prevented him from saying anything more, and quickly regaining the high road, he turned his steps towards the village. Much to his surprise, by the time he had gone half the distance, Valmont overtook him.

"You have changed your mind," said he, addressing him.

"Yes, I've concluded to spend the night with you at the village. I'll hasten on and engage a room at Simpson's."

By the time Decker arrived at the hotel, a fire, by Valmont's orders was kindled in one of the best and most retired chambers. There was a bed in it, and a sofa, covered with chintz, or as it was more commonly called, a settee. Soon after his arrival, several bottles of wine were brought in and placed on a table.

"I didn't expect we should fare so well," said Valmont. "I've tasted of the wine, and find it quite tolerable."

As he said this, he filled two glasses and pushed one of them towards Decker.

"You must need some, I should think, after your long walk," said he.

Decker took the glass, but did not taste the wine, till Valmont drank part of his; for the more he reflected on how suddenly he changed his mind, the more the suspicion forced itself upon him, that the change was made in consequence of some sinister design as regarded himself. He therefore resolved to watch him narrowly.

"Has the moon risen yet?" said Valmont, refilling the glasses.

"I believe not," replied Decker.

"I'll wager this diamond ring against that pinchbeck chain of yours, that it has."

Decker jumped up, and went to the window. The moon had risen, but its light was intercepted by some out-houses near by, which loomed up darkly against the eastern horizon, so that the fire which was brightly blazing, and all the objects near it, were reflected outside of the window almost as distinctly, as if seen in a mirror. As he stood looking out he saw Valmont empty something from a paper into the glass he had filled for him.

"Well," said Valmont, when Decker returned to the fire, "isn't that magnificent chain mine?"

"Decide for yourself. I saw no moon."

The moment Valmont's back was turned, he emptied the glass into the corner, and then raised it to his lips. When Valmont turned, he was apparently draining the last drop with a hearty relish.

"You said this wine was tolerable—I call it first rate."

"Take another glass then."

"First tell me, if you've won the chain?"

"Yes, and he that wins may wear, so it is said; but I'm not so ungenerous as to deprive you of what you value so highly. You may yet, when you have left this place, where everything of the kind is set down in the list of lying vanities, have the supreme felicity of wearing it."

"It cannot yet be late—can it?" said Decker.

"No, not more then half-past ten."

"Not more than ten—I should say, and so says my watch, and yet I'm confounded sleepy," and as he spoke, he affected to be unable to suppress a yawn.

"If you're sleepy, you had better go to bed."

"Go to bed at ten o'clock? Not I. I haven't done such a thing since I was three feet high, for by that time I had found out that the old adage, which said:

> Early to bed and early to rise,
> Would make a man wealthy, witty and wise,

was all a fable. But I will lie down on the sofa, a short time, till this drowsiness passes off."

In a few minutes after lying down, he was to all appearance sound asleep. Valmont looked at him and smiled. In a few minutes he rose and bent over him.

"The drug is quicker than I thought 'twould be," he muttered half-aloud, as he turned away. "'Twill keep him fast till morning."

He helped himself to some more wine, and then sat down in front of the fire. For some time he remained motionless, as if lost in thought. The candles began to burn dim, a cluster of red globules having gradually gathered at the top of each long, unsnuffed wick. The maple wood, too, which had burnt with a cheerful, ruddy blaze, had settled down into a bed of coals. At length he roused himself a little, and drew a poniard from its hiding-place. It sent forth a cold, bright gleam, as he lightly touched the point with his finger. As he did so, he shuddered, and a ghastly pallor crept over his face.

"This would be sure," said he; "but it would betray me. Such a weapon was never seen in this heathenish place. I must find some other."

He returned it to its place of concealment, and then unclosing a door which opened on a back staircase, stood and listened. All was silent. That part of the house appeared to be deserted. Stepping back into the room, he again approached Decker, and bent over him. His respiration was deep and regular, and he felt satisfied that he was in a heavy sleep. As he turned away, his own shadow seemed to menace him from the wall. He involuntarily quailed at sight of it.

At that moment, the shrill, piping voice of a boy directly under one of the windows, was heard singing one of those ballads, such as at that period were frequently composed by some rustic bard to commemorate the fearful crime of murder and its punishment. The stanzas he sung, which appeared to have been taken up midway of the ballad, ran thus:

> "And when the murder foul was done,
> In circles the gray bat flew,
> And an owl that sat on an old dead tree,
> Hooted whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo.
>
> A twelvemonth and a day went by,
> Then round that loafless tree,
> Where hooted the owl, and the gray bat flew,
> A crowd was gathered to see.
>
> The sinful man met his doleful doom,
> Who did that murder foul;
> And high on the top of the skeleton tree,
> Mute sat the blinking owl.
>
> They buried him under the gallows tree,
> Where in circles the gray bat flew,
> And at dead of night, the owl peered down,
> And hooted whoo-hoo, whoo-hoo."

The two last lines came faintly on the night-breeze, for the singer at the commencement of the stanza was joined by a comrade who for some purpose had had occasion to enter the hotel; yet still, now and then, the fragment of a line was wafted back, and on a swell of the breeze the two words—"Take warning," came to Valmont's ear as clearly and distinctly, as any that were sung beneath his window. He stood and listened till the last echo died away in the distance. Then a smile stole over his features, but there was neither warmth nor light in it. It did not gild the horror depicted in his countenance, with even a false brilliance.

"Strange!" thought he, as he stood at the window and looked out upon the scene wrapped in the cold moonlight—"Strange that the father of evil should send the fool to warn me against doing his own work. Or have I, as is the belief of some, a good genius, as well as a bad one, that would fain turn me from the fell purpose that is in my heart? Hark!" said he, giving vent to his thoughts in half-muttered words; "some one whispered—it seemed close to my ear," and he stood for half a minute or more, in the attitude of listening. "It must have been the wind. It is a clear night, and yet the wind is high.

"The owl perched on the gallows-tree could not have hooted more dismally than that imp did under the window. The fancy it conjures up is more horrible than the reality. It makes a coward of me—of me, who have sent more than one on the last, long journey. But 'twas done in the heat of passion. Not in cold blood—no, not then. This is the thought that makes it seem so horrid. The dread fastens on me stronger and stronger. It shall not master me—I will shake it off," and he abruptly turned from the window. Hurriedly putting on his hat and gloves, as if he feared he should waver from his purpose, and then snatching his cloak from a chair over which it hung, he left the house by the back staircase.

When Decker heard the outer door close softly behind him, he rose and looked out. He saw a cowering figure stealing along in the shadow of the stone wall, which separated a stubble field from the high road, but some trees soon intervened and he lost sight of it. The door which communicated with the front part of the house had been locked by Valmont soon after their entrance, and having seen that the candles were so placed that they could do no harm, he went out by the back door, taking the precaution to lock it behind him. It was then about half-past ten o'clock, and at one he returned. No one in the house had known of his absence. The candles had burnt out, and the black coals in the fireplace were half-covered with white ashes. But it was not dark: the moon remained unclouded, and shone brightly in at the windows. He seated himself on the sofa, ready to resume the recumbent posture he was in at the departure of Valmont, in case he should return.

Something like five minutes had elapsed, when he heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairs. Soon an unsteady hand fumbled about the latch of the door, which after some delay was opened, and Valmont entered the room. Though muffled in his cloak, he shook as if in an ague fit.

The first thing he did, was to rake open the coals, which, when exposed to the influence of the air, soon began to brighten, and a few dry pine sticks near at hand were without difficulty kindled into a flame. He bent and cowered over the fire as eagerly as if chilled to the bone. The heat was not without its influence, though, in reality, he was suffering more from nervous agitation than from cold. When the chill had a little subsided, his first care was to look and see if Decker slept. He had not to appearance stirred an inch during his absence. The next thing he did was to drink with avidity, one after another, half-a-dozen glasses of wine.

While thus engaged, Decker stole a glance at him from beneath his nearly closed eyelids. He saw that he was pale, even to ghastliness, the effect of which was heightened by a streak of blood, which passed slant wise across his forehead. He could see, too, as he raised the glass to his lips, that there was a red spot on his wristband.

After finishing his wine, Valmont stirred the fire into a warmer glow, and again crouched over it. Day was glimmering in the east, when he betook himself to bed, and in vain sought an hour's repose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

UNITED, WE ARE ONE.

BY MRS. M. J. MESSENGER.

'Twas Heaven that willed it, 'twas Heaven did control,
The strong fate that bound us soul unto soul;
United, we are one, all hand, home and heart,
Thus loved, and thus living, O say can we part?

As the oak and the mistletoe, thus let us be,
We'll cling closer on nearing the shadowy tomb;
Calmly we'll sail o'er life's turbulent sea,
And fearlessly enter the portals of gloom.

Soul unto soul, heart unto heart,
United our beings—mingled our breath;
Thus loved and loving, we never should part,
But remain as in life—undivided in death.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

Putnam's early days were spent as those of most boys placed in his situation in life. One of his favorite amusements was "bird nesting." These hunts for nests were followed in company; but Putnam was always the leader of the band.

On one occasion he and his companions came across a fine nest which lodged on a frail branch of a very high tree. The tree stood apart from the others, and was difficult of climbing. Besides this, it was evident that no pole, or contrivance, would answer the purpose of getting the nest—there was no way of obtaining it save by venturing upon the branch, which, nine chances to ten, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture. Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence, for some moments, and at length said—

"That bird has all the qualities of a soldier. It has completely fortified its home. I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles round that could get that nest."

All agreed with him.

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket and rolling his pantaloons up.

The little knot of boys attempted to dissuade him; but to no purpose. Go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the king's strongholds," said Putnam, "and may I be shot if I don't come off victor."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot on it, and it cracked, while the old bird flew off with a sharp cry, and remained describing circles round the tree, and uttering touching complaints.

"Bah!" said Putnam, "do you not prey on our fields? Do you not tax us for your support? Do you not take our goods against our will, just like the king?"

He ventured a foot further on the limb. It bent low, and a warning murmur arose from the boys below. Putnam put his knee to the branch, and reached towards the nest. The limb broke partially—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished for prize, and just as he cried—"I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell; but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower branches and his head hung downwards.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted hero; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Ay, and smother me in the smoke. That wont do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought very bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed:

"Jim Randall there's a ball in your rifle?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that very little limb that holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What, to cut you down?"

"Of course."

"But I might strike your head."

"*Shoot. Better lose one my brains*, than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. *Shoot.*"

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall, will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell to the ground. He was severely bruised; but laughed the matter off, and nothing more was thought of it.

Three days after Putnam met Randall and the rest, and, taking the nest from his pocket, said:

"Here is the nest. I said I would have it or perish; but I went alone, because I determined no one should see me fall and aid me to escape the consequences."

The same indomitable spirit was displayed in that instance as in the perilous leap and the many other dangerous and daring exploits, performed by the gallant Jman in his efforts for the ascendancy of the cause of liberty.—*M. M. Noah.*

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

In the town of Leicester, England, says a foreign exchange, the house is still shown where Richard III. passed the night before the battle of Bosworth; and there is a story of him still preserved in the corporation records, which illustrates the caution and darkness of that prince's character. It was the custom to carry, among the baggage of his camp, a cumbersome wooden bed, which he pretended was the only bed he could sleep in. Here he contrived a receptacle for his treasure, which lay concealed under a weight of timber. After the fatal day in which Richard fell, the Earl of Richmond entered Leicester with his victorious troops; the friends of Richard were pillaged, but the bed was neglected by every plunderer as useless lumber. The owner of the house afterward discovered the hoard, and became suddenly rich without any visible cause. He bought lands, and at length arrived at the dignity of being mayor of Leicester. Many years afterward, his widow, who had been left in great affluence, was murdered for her wealth by her own servant-maid, who had been privy to the affair; and at the trial of this woman and her accomplices the whole transaction came to light.

HEAVY AND WINDY.

A blacksmith who fancied himself sick, would often tease a neighboring physician to give him relief. The physician knew that he was perfectly well; but being unwilling to offend him, told him that he must be careful of his diet and not eat anything heavy or windy. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on evolving in his own mind what kind of food was heavy or windy, returned to the doctor, who having lost temper with his patient, said—

"Don't you know what things are heavy and windy?"

"No," said the blacksmith.

"Why, then, I'll tell you," says the doctor. "Your anvil is heavy and your bellows are windy; don't eat of these, and you will do well."—*Eccentric Anecdotes.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MEMORIES OF THE HEAR

BY HENRY WOODSIDE

I sit in the deepening twilight,
While the stars twinkle faint in the sky,
And sadly repeat thy name over,
When I think that none others are nigh.
Then memory with magical power,
Brings back to my weary worn heart,
Those eves when so strangely we met,
So happily met—but to part.

Dost remember the clasp of the hands,
That spoke in a language so sweet,
And the glances that thrilled our hearts thro
When our eyes in confusion would meet?
And the low breathed tone of thy voice,
As it whispered sweet words in mine ear
'Tis brought by bright memory all,
Till again its soft music I hear

'Tis many long days since we parted,
And blossoms have faded and died;
New Spring, with her birds and her flowers,
Is roaming again the hill side.
When the Summer, in all its bright beauty,
And its soft, dreamy hours, shall come—
We will meet 'neath the blue-beaming skies,
And ne'er again far shall thou roam

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MR. GRIMMOND:

—OR,—

LAYING IN THE WINTER'S C

BY EMMA CARRA.

Mr. Grimmond was a coal dealer, a
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with luxurious adornments. And he had
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heavily freighted with ships bearing for h
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chased. And then callous hands cased the
vessels from their burdens, and stored aw
shining treasures in the spacious yard till
should come. Those who, like himse
plenty of money, came early and bore
what seemed to the poor man a mighty
and he wondered, as he heard the grating
shovel, how his rich neighbor could cons
much in one season. And then he went
way musing and resolving that now wh
was cheap, he would reserve enough fr
wages the next month to purchase one to
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so on until when the price of coal began
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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MEMORIES OF THE HEART.

BY WINNY WOODBINE.

I sit in the deepening twilight,
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And sadly repeat thy name over,
When I think that none others are nigh.
Then memory with magical power,
Brings back to my weary-worn heart,
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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MR. GRIMMOND:

—OR,—

LAYING IN THE WINTER'S COAL.

BY EMMA CARRA.

Mr. Grimmond was a coal dealer, and had been so long engaged in that business, that from his profits he had built him a fine house and furnished it not only with useful furniture, but with luxurious adornments. And he had bought more land, too, near where the sea washed up, heavily freighted with ships bearing for him the ebony minerals that his surplus money had purchased. And then callous hands eased the noble vessels from their burdens, and stored away the shining treasures in the spacious yard till winter should come. Those who, like himself had plenty of money, came early and bore away what seemed to the poor man a mighty bulk, and he wondered, as he heard the grating of the shovel, how his rich neighbor could consume so much in one season. And then he went on his way musing and resolving that now while coal was cheap, he would reserve enough from his wages the next month to purchase one ton, and the next month he would purchase another, and so on until when the price of coal began to increase, he would have plenty in his cellar to last him until the warm sun would heat his little parlor sufficiently, and his family would need no fire except to cook their plain meals. At the end of the month, when his employer handed him his thirty-six dollars, in payment for his month's services, George Manton told him his intention and Mr. Eldredge encouraged him to do so, saying:

"If poor people could only realize what an advantage it would be to purchase coal in summer, and their summer goods in winter, availing themselves of the seasons when they are selling cheap, they certainly would, I think, make greater efforts to do so."

And then Mr. Manton left the shop, and as he passed the coal yard on his way home, he thought he would just step in and tell Mr. Grimmond that he would engage three tons of coal at the present price, and one ton might be delivered at his house the last Saturday in every month until he received the complement.

"That is right, Mr. Manton," said Mr. Grimmond. "I like to hear a mechanic talk that way—it shows that he intends to get along in the world and be somebody;" and then he waited a moment as if expecting that his customer would say something more, but as he did not, he added: "I suppose you pay before the coal is taken out of the yard?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grimmond. I never ask any man to trust me, nor ever will while I have health to provide for my family." And the noble-hearted mechanic colored, while the expression of his face told, though mutely, that the inner man was fair, though the covering might be coarse and his purse light.

Mr. Grimmond read the thoughts depicted, and fearing he might lose a customer, said blandly:

"Of course, Mr. Manton, I know you will pay me. Everybody says you are an honest man; and besides, haven't you bought all the coal you have used for four or five years of me? and you don't owe me a cent now. So when you get ready to lay in your winter's coal, just come to me and I will do better by you than any other man in the city."

Mr. Manton tried to forget the remark about paying and think only of the latter fine speech, and then after promising he would call at the appointed time, left the yard and took his way homeward.

It was a neat little cottage standing in a shady street that Mr. Manton with his wife and three children occupied one half of, and now as he stepped within the threshold and saw all look so neat and orderly—the children with clean faces and happy voices welcoming him, the table spread with wholesome and tempting viands for his comfort, he felt that his hard earned money was judiciously spent; then crowding all three of his little juveniles into his lap, he began to sing, with a contented air, "home, sweet home," until his Julia made her appearance from another room and finished the arrangements for tea.

"I am going to get in my winter's coal this summer, while it is cheap," said Mr. Manton to his wife, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Are you, dear?"

"Yes I am, for I do hate to be always running after coal in the winter, getting a half or a quarter of a ton at a time, and besides, it costs almost twice as much."

"So it does, husband, and I am glad that you have concluded to do so. But how much do you intend to get?"

"Well, three tons certain, perhaps more. And so, Julia, you will try to economize all you can, wont you?"

And then as his wife answered "yes," with a smile that seemed to feel what she said, he commenced sipping his well steeped tea and chatting about the new house he and his fellow-workmen were building, and then described the nice little cottage he would like to build for himself one of these days, as soon as he was able. Then the wife, with mock gravity, described how she would like to furnish it; and finally, the children, who had listened very patiently to their parents, archly added that they supposed after the new house was built, and all those nice things in it, that they should have an fine clothes as Mr. Stewart's children and Mr. Eaton's.

Mr. Manton glanced across the table at his wife, and then remarked, pleasantly:

"How easy it would be to rise in the world, if success depended on imagination alone."

And nothing more was said or thought about the coal, until the supper was ended, the daily paper read, and the children all soundly sleeping. And then as Mr. and Mrs. Manton sat by the open window chatting, with the wick of the shaded lamp picked low, the husband tossed his well filled purse into his wife's lap, observing:

"Now, Julia, let us see how prudent we can be, and save up something so we sha'n't be so troubled to get along next winter as we were last; and in the mean time, I will be looking out for a better chance."

"I will," said the wife, as she pressed her finger on the clasp and took out the notes; and then added: "It is so pleasant, let us take a walk up to Mr. Bond's and pay our rent to-night. You know it is due to-morrow, and he will be here in good season in the morning, if we don't carry it to him to-night."

"I am willing, my dear," said the husband; and then he drew together the blinds, and picked up the wick of the lamp that he might smooth his hair a little and arrange his dress, preparatory to the walk. Mrs. Manton placed in the bureau all the money except ten dollars that were reserved for the landlord, and then went and leaned over the little trundle-bed to make sure that the children were really asleep, so that they might not miss her.

"I will be ready in a moment, George," she said, as she stepped to the foot of the front stairs and warned Mrs. Crane that she would be out for a short time, asking her if she would be so kind as to speak to the children if they awoke.

The accommodating neighbor answered "yes," and the mechanic and his wife proceeded towards the home of the wealthy Mr. Bond. It was a refreshing evening, and Mr. Manton and his wife enjoyed the cool breeze as it went genly past, for they had both been busily toiling during the day, which had been sultry in the extreme. Together they watched the moon, as it seemed to dance behind a silvery cloud, and then lazily crep forward like a tired ball-room belle. They spoke of their long walks together ere children clustered around them and shared the profits of their toil; but they did not regret that they owned those household jewels, for it was sweet to labor for those they loved. And thus with pleasant words and thoughts they went on until they ascended the granite steps that led to the hall door of their landlord. A gentle ring, and they were ushered into a small back sitting-room to await the pleasure of the moneyed man, as he entertained more favored guests.

Half an hour passed, and then Mr. Bond came in and with marked coldness which seemed to say, "you cannot expect familiarity from me," received the money nearly due and then informed them that he let the house altogether too cheap, and that he should have to raise another dollar in the month. When Mr. and Mrs. Manton humbly expostulated with him, saying the present rent was a large sum to extract from thirty-six dollars a month, he answered with an independent air that folks must not aspire to live in any better house than they could afford to pay for. To and Mrs. Manton were therefore left to decide being turned from the little cottage, or wrenching another dollar from their limited number. The walk from the brick mansion was not so pleasant as the walk to it, but Julia tried to appear as though she thought but little of the additional expense, it was so trifling. And when her husband suggested that the amount added would at the end of the year pay for two of the tons of coal he intended to buy, she answered pleasantly:

"Well, I will do all my own washing for a year to come, and that will more than save it."

"O no, Julia, that will never do," answered the husband; "for a few visits from the doctor would exceed the twelve dollars a year."

But his objections did not alter the wife's determination to do her washing, though she said no more about it, and soon both retired to forget in sleep that the morrow would dawn but to increase their cares.

When morning came, and Mr. Manton had returned to his labor and the children were gone to school, Mrs. Manton turned the key of the kitchen door and then went to the bureau and took out the remainder of the money that her husband had given her the previous evening, that she might deliberately form her plans for spending it to the best advantage.

"Twenty six dollars left," she repeated, musingly, and then added: "The flour barrel is empty—I wish I could buy a barrel of flour. But I must not, for that would leave me only fourteen dollars to meet every other expense for a month, and George must have meat once a day, at least, and other things nourishing, for he has to work very hard; so I will buy flour by the bag until we get the coal. A quarter bag will be three dollars, then I shall have twenty-three left; but O dear! we need butter and sugar and molasses, for I have to buy things in such small quantities that it seems as if I am out almost every day. And then there are the two girls—they must each have a pair of new shoes and their bonnets from the milliners, or they will have to stay from Sabbath school on Sunday. And I ought to get me some kind of a cape, for my shawl is too shabby to wear and it is too warm now. And poor George ought to have a thin hat; I know that heavy hat he wears is more than half the cause of the headaches he complains of." And the perplexed Mrs. Manton gave a deep sigh, as the actual wants of the family crowded so thick upon her, and she looked at the small sum in her lap to meet them. That little roll of bills was the magic power that was to supply all their necessities for thirty days—fuel, food, lights, clothing, etc.

Mrs. Manton mused long, and the longer she sat, the more desponding became her features, for she could see no door to escape. At length, she looked at the little time-piece on the mantel and she saw that the morning was far advanced; so she arose and replaced the money, for the present, and resumed her necessary and seldom changing round of duties that always brought comfort to her family, and made her industrious husband feel that the fruits of his labor were spent advantageously. Sunday came, and the children were furnished with the desired articles that they might attend the Sabbath school, but Mrs. Manton looked at the faded shawl and stayed within. And her husband bore her company, for his coat was a little threadbare, and his hat of last year's fashion. But when the evening came, and the sun had retired as if to avoid a conflagration of the earth, the husband and wife, after the children were sleeping, went out and enjoyed a pleasant walk, and then attended the short evening conference at the church.

And so the month passed away. Mrs. Manton made no complaint of her limited income, for she knew it was the best her husband could do for the present, and she tried to make the star of hope illumine the future. Mr. Manton asked no questions; he knew that he had given his wife all that he had, and she had made him comfortable. But he did not know how carefully the best was always kept for him, nor why the children were coaxed to wait till father was done before they made a meal of the fragments.

The month passed away, and Mr. Manton once more returned with his month's wages, and handed to his wife all except six dollars—the payment for a ton of coal. The bin was empty, and Mrs. Manton tried to feel pleased that they were going to have so much at once, but then when the rent was paid, she would have but nineteen dollars to support a family of five again for thirty days. Every one of the family needed shoes; the children must have some, or they would have to take their best ones for every day, and they were thin and of so cheap a make that they would not last any length of time for common wear. Her husband had had his boots patched and the rips sewed, until the sums had nearly reached the cost of a new pair. When he alluded to his worn boots, she hadn't the courage to tell him how illy they could afford three or four dollars to purchase him a pair; so he was supplied with the necessary articles, and the children wore their best, and Mrs. Manton wore rubbers when she went out to the grocery or market.

But with all Mrs. Manton's studied economy, the remaining sixteen dollars would not make them all comfortable during the month, and she knew that if she got in debt, it would be almost impossible to pay; so when the two pounds of steak were cooked for dinner, Mr. Manton ate heartily, and then the children partook of the remainder, while a cup of tea and a slice of bread was all that went to nourish the wife who was so overburdened with care and poverty. The husband noticed his wife's increasing paleness, but he did not realize the cause, for he generally ate his meals hurriedly at noon, nor did he know how hard she worked during his absence. Mrs. Manton thought she would try to obtain a cheaper house, but when she went out to look, she found that *cheap* tenements were generally situated in those neighborhoods where she would not be willing that her children should see the examples set. And so the summer wore away, and there was no more coal bought, for there had been a doctor's bill to pay, and the insatiate speculator had drained the poor man's purse to the last dollar, that he might still add to his ill got thousands. He cared not how—it mattered not if his path were wet by the widow's tears; gold, gold, was still his cry—for he had set himself up a god.

The winds of winter began to moan and shriek, and the children crushed the crisp snow beneath their feet on their way to school. The mechanic and his family had now to leave their cottage home, for the landlord had told them to leave immediately, or settle up the two months' arrears. In vain was the plea of Mr. Manton that his wife and infant boy had exhausted all, save what had gone for food, in being restored to health, and now he only asked for time. "Move out, or pay immediately," was still the answer, "for there are plenty who would be glad to hire the rooms and pay in advance." The pale wife and feeble boy were therefore removed to three rooms in a narrow alley, for the husband was penniless now, and all others wanted pay in advance. But the doctor had said that those he loved would soon be well again, and Mr. Manton began to hope, and when their little home was arranged, he thought he might work steadily now.

But his trials were not over yet, for when he went back to the shop, he learned from his employer that the severity of the weather was such that he had concluded to suspend work and close his shop for a few weeks. The young mechanic turned away, and crept into an obscure corner of the yard and wept like a child. Tears gave temporary relief to a heart that seemed full almost to bursting; so after he had sat and pondered long, he once more sought the street. But he did not turn his steps in the direction of his home, for how could he go there, where so much was needed, and tell them that his workshop was closed! So up and down the streets he travelled in search of work, calling at the various shops, and gladly would he now have worked even for half of what he saw some others no more capable receiving; but he scorned, although in want, to injure those who labored. At the close of the day, he returned once more to their home. He had expected to find his Julia on their faded lounge in the corner, with her head pressing the pillow. But in this he was happily disappointed, for she felt much better to-day, and was neatly dressed. With the aid of little Jenny and the twenty-five cents he had left her in the morning, she had got a comfortable supper on the table and a bright fire glowing in the stove. And now when she heard his footstep on the stairs, she met him at the door, while the children gathered around and the convalescent little Charley put up his lips for a kiss, saying: "All well now, papa;" and then looking towards the table, added, "got a good supper, too."

Mr. Manton pressed his wife to his bosom, and gave a kiss all round to the children, and then fairly danced for joy, while a good-natured under-tenant put her head in at the door, and laughingly inquired if they were moving out, that occasioned the noise.

"O, no," said the husband to their favorite neighbor; "but I expected to find my wife and Charley sick, and no fire nor supper, but instead of that I found—look here;" and he pointed to his tidy-looking Julia and the supper on the table.

For the next hour, Mr. Manton forgot but that his purse was full, or that he had no place engaged in which to labor on the morrow. But the next day came, and the last hodful of coal was turned on the fire.

"Where shall I get more?" said the husband, despondingly; for he had now told his wife of the closing of the shop.

"O I don't fret, George," said his wife, coaxingly. "Winter wont last forever, and we are as well off as some of our neighbors. There will be some way provided, for God will take care of those who make an effort to help themselves." And then she added: "Go ask Mr. Grimmond to trust us for a ton of coal. I don't believe he will refuse you, for you have always bought of him and paid him punctually."

"I know I have, dear, and if I *didn't need* a favor, I should never be afraid to ask one from Mr. Grimmond. But he is a hard-hearted man, Julia, and has but little pity for the poor." And he sat a few moments thoughtfully looking into his wife's face till she urged him again, and then he consented, feeling that it was his only alternative. If he had credit he must get in debt; so he took his hat and went out.

Mr. Grimmond was sitting in his counting-room when Mr. Manton opened the door. Everything within bespoke ease and plenty. A good fire was burning in the stove, an unbroken bunch of superior cigars lay on the table, and when the young mechanic entered, the coal-dealer just glanced up from his newspaper, gave a nod and resumed his reading. George uninvited passed on towards the stove, wishing that he had not come in, and nothing but a mental vision of home prevented him from leaving immediately. At length Mr. Grimmond laid down his paper, and with a consequential air inquired the business of his visitor.

Mr. Manton in a few words stated that he should be out of work for a few weeks, that his wife and youngest child had been sick for a long time, and his means were all exhausted, so that he wished to get a ton of coal and he would pay him the first thing when he commenced work again.

"The same old story," said the dealer, lighting a cigar. "Why, Mr. Manton, I might give away every ton of coal I have got in my yard if I would only take promises for pay."

"I never asked you to trust me before," said Mr. Manton, trying to swallow the choking sensation in his throat, and still thinking of the helpless ones at home.

"Nor needn't have asked me now, if you hadn't lied so to me last summer."

"Lied!" repeated Mr. Manton, abstractedly, as if his memory were trying to recall the past.

"Yes, *lied*. Didn't you promise to buy a ton of coal every month until your winter's store was harvested? And you bought one ton and that was the last of it."

"But O, Mr. Grimmond, if you knew how hard I tried to save from my wages that amount and could not, you would not blame me. I think now the privations that my family have endured, while my earnings went to enrich my landlord and—" You he would have added, but in spite of insult, he still wished, for his family's sake, to get trusted; so he continued: "Speculators have done a great deal towards producing the illness of my wife and child."

"That is my story," said the coal-dealer, taking up his paper and pretending to be busy with its columns: "I can't trust you. A man that will lie once, will again. Poor folks ought to look out for these things in the summer;" and he leaned back in his chair and went on with his reading.

The blood arose to the temples of the young mechanic, but the mild words of his patient wife rung in his ear—"there will be some way provided," and in silence he turned and went out. As he came once more into the broad street, he involuntarily cast his eye across the river to the strong stone building with its grated windows, and he murmured inaudibly: "What wonder that so many at night are tossing so uneasily there on their hard narrow beds, when wealth is so unequally divided!" And then there came strange thoughts through his brain—thoughts to which he would not have dared to give utterance—of deeds that have often brought the wherewith to prolong a life made more wretched by the prolonging.

Mr. Manton did not go directly home. How could he? for he could be the bearer of nothing that was pleasant; and he thought, too, that his wife, if he were not there, would borrow coal of a neighbor, and so he went about to look for work again. But being as unsuccessful as on the preceding day, he turned homeward when it began to grow dark. He went quietly up the worn stairs that led to his apartment, and stood fearing to open the door, lest he might find the inmates in a worse state than he had left them. The fire might be out, and he had left nothing at home to buy food; so he listened to see if he could learn anything of their condition, but his heart sank within him as he heard no sound. Presently the silence was broken by a cry from Charley, and then Jenny said in a loud voice:

"Now we can make a noise, mother, for Charley is awake."

And then they began an infantile concert, the mother joining and seemingly the happiest of the number. "What a happy disposition," thought Manton, "to sing in the midst of such poverty!" And then he opened the door a little way and peeped in. Mr. Manton thought of witchcraft and all the incredibles that he had ever read of, as the scene presented itself to his view. Their little parlor kitchen was as warm as a July sun could have made it, his wife and children were all dressed clean, with smiling faces, and on the table was spread a supper of warm biscuit, cakes, etc. Mr. Manton threw the door open wider, and advanced like one bewildered.

"That was beautiful coal that Mr. Grimmond sent," said Julia. "Didn't I tell you he would trust you? and he has, not only with one ton, but I know there are two. And see what beautiful biscuit that flour makes—but where did you get money to buy so many things? A barrel of flour, besides butter and sugar and tea. And what made you send me that twenty five dollars? Why didn't you come and bring it and tell me who lent it to you?"

Mr. Manton stood perfectly still in the centre of the room, looking first at one and then at another of the happy group.

"Julia," he at length said, "what do you mean? Are you crazy, or am I dreaming?"

"Neither," said the wife, taking from her pocket a purse and drawing out twenty-five dollars in bills. "There," said she, "didn't you send that home?"

"No, Julia, I know nothing about it."

And then the wife told him that a few hours after he went away, there was brought to the door for them two tons of coal, and as night approached, she got a man to put it into the cellar. And soon after the coal was brought, Mr. Bligh had brought them a barrel of flour, a firkin of butter, and other groceries; and when she questioned him about it, he only smiled and said all was paid for. And a boy had brought her a letter containing twenty-five dollars.

Mr. Manton took the note which his wife thought he had written and sent to her because he could not return immediately, and he read: "Please accept the amount enclosed, and, as I know you will, lay it out to the best advantage." No name was signed, and Mr. Manton again seized his hat and went out to make inquiries of Mr. Bligh and Mr. Grimmond; but he learned nothing there, for the former only smiled and told him if he lacked again to call on him, and the latter was surly, saying he knew nothing about it. But there was no more suffering in Mr. Manton's family that winter. When the snow began to disappear, Mr. Manton told his old employer that he could not afford to work any longer for previous prices, as it was his intention to make a greater effort than ever before to make his income larger.

"Well," said Mr. Eldredge, "I am getting tired of so much care, and I should like to get a good active partner. I will furnish capital—how would you like the chance?"

Need we say it was eagerly accepted by the other, whose joy knew no bounds at this sudden favor of fortune. Mr. Manton seemed to possess the entire confidence of his partner, who supplied him liberally with money, while he with untiring energy contracted and built, hired and paid from the profits of his accurate calculations a small army of men. Mr. Grimmond daily passed through Greenborough Street on his way from his residence to his counting-room, and felt quite chagrined to observe one day a large wagon of coal unloading before a pleasant house, with the name of Manton on the door plate. He felt that one of his own wagons might have been standing there, had he conducted kindly towards the young mechanic, and he hastened on lest any of the bystanders should perceive his changing color.

One day, Mr. Eldredge and his partner were alone in the shop, when the former inquired of the latter:

"George, did you not have a pretty hard time, last winter?"

"God forbid that I should ever see another such," he answered.

"And did not some one assist you?"

"There did. And I have tried a great many times to find out who it was, but cannot."

Mr. Eldredge took a slip of paper from his pocket-book, and handed it to the other. It was a receipted bill for two tons of coal. And then he handed another bill for flour and other groceries. Mr. Manton stood for a moment so overcome, that he could make no remark; then recovering, he exclaimed:

"O, sir, was it you that did all that? I can never thank you enough, nor repay such extreme kindness, though I should live twice the appointed time of man. But how came you to know of my necessities?"

"I was in the little entry that led to Mr. Grimmond's office, while you and he were talking. I heard your voice and then I heard his insulting answers; so I stepped behind some lumber till you were gone, and then I went in and gave him a piece of my mind. After that, I went down and bought the coal of Mr. Fenneck, for I knew you were an honest man. But I thought I would say nothing about it, for you know I am an odd sort of a man and have a way of my own, generally."

Mr. Manton proved a valuable partner to Mr. Eldredge, and in a few years lived in a house of which he himself was landlord.

TEN THOUSAND BLESSINGS.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that a clergyman in Pittsburgh, Pa., lately married a lady with whom he received the substantial dowry of ten thousand dollars, and a fair prospect for more. Shortly afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read the first four verses, and was proceeding to read the fifth, commencing:

"Forever let my grateful heart,"

when he hesitated, baulked, and exclaimed, "Ahem! The choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the verse for themselves, and smiled almost audibly as they read

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BACHELOR'S SACRIFICE.

BY FRANK FREELOVE.

They call me "old bachelor!" whisper I'm gray,
And hint it is time I should marry!
High time I had given all my hunters away—
My fishing-rods, dogs, and my guns—for they say
One can never fish, hunt, or go sporting a day,
The moment one's wedded a fairy.

They call me "old bachelor!" and I am told
No longer I am a fit beau for them:
They say that my heart has been growing so cold,
My manners *distrait—tout ensemble*—so old—
It is time that some "angel" had ventured to mould
To a husband Frank Freelove of Gotham.

They call me "old bach," but still think me "some,"
And say, "'tis a pity he's lonely!"
They forget I'm a bankrupt—are willing to come
To my old Gothic cot—if—I'll give up my gun,
My fishing-rods, dogs, and my hunters, and come
And pay my devoirs to them only!

They call me "old bachelor!" tempting me on
To the 'alter with sweet syren phrases;
But I give one more glance at my dogs and my gun,
And I think of "Old Hunter," I think of the "fun,"
The "fire on-the-wing," and the "trophies" I've won
On the western and southern prairies;

And my poor dogs look up in my eyes with a glance
Thrilling with human emotion:
I wake with a start from a strange, fitful trance,
And I think "O where, Frank, on the widened expanse
Of America's wilds, or la belle jolie France,
Can you ever command such devotion?"

Now they all crowd around me, each kissing my hands,
Fondling me loving as ever.
O, dogs! I can give up goods, houses and lands—
Even fetter this body with Hymen's stern bands—
But you! dear companions in far distant lands,
Your chains I never can, never!

Yes, chained to me, dogs, by the chains of love—
Chained to the grave we go!
What? give up my dogs! for a white kid glove?
A ring—and a kiss—and a glance of love?
No! who loves the master the dogs must love—
We'll together bide death's tally-ho!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A RECORD OF DARK DEEDS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

ANY one who has passed through Bedford on foot, cannot have failed to notice an old building which stands close to the bank of the Ouse, on the south side. It was erected during the reign of Elizabeth, and having been constructed of heavy timber, it has withstood the crumbling touches of time marvellously well. It has two quaint, old gables upon the street, which hang far over the walk, seeming ready at any moment to come tumbling down upon the heads of the pedestrians; and then projecting above the narrow court, which is to the east of the building, are two more gables, exactly corresponding with those in front. There was once an entrance upon the street, but that was closed up during the reign of the second James, since which, the only legitimate means of ingress and egress has been through the wide door-way which opens upon the court beneath the further gable.

Early in the spring of 1764, two women came to hire the house. They were sisters, and gave their names as Roxana and Nancy Rhodope. The former was fifty years of age, and the latter two years older. They were tall, dark-looking beings, with large, bony frames, but with little flesh; and altogether they had an evil, sinister look, which was not calculated to inspire the beholder with any great amount of confidence in their virtue or humanity. However, nothing evil was known of them, and the owner of the house rented it to them for about a tenth part of the sum asked for such a tenement in any other part of the city. They professed to have some little money of their own, meaning to take in washing and sewing as soon as they could obtain it. Several months passed away, but the sisters were never seen to take home any work. They were seldom seen out by daylight, save when they had occasion to buy provisions. At length a third member was added to their household. This was a boy, deaf and dumb, whom they told their landlord they had taken out of charity alone. He was not over sixteen years of age, and perhaps not so old. His body was thin and bent; his legs very crooked; his head large and thick, and his arms so long that when standing erect his fingers' ends reached some inches below his knees. They called his name Jasper Lucan. Besides his peculiar form, there was another thing which drew attention to him; and that was, his movements, or, rather, motions. He moved about like a thing made up of springs. Never walking like other people, but jerking along with a frog-like motion at times, and at others leaping like a cat.

Strange stories began to be circulated about the two sisters. People who lived near, sometimes heard strange noises in the old house at night, and the boatmen upon the river, who could look upon the back windows of the upper story, said that there were often lights in the place all night long. At length these stories became so numerous, and the various surmises so alarming, that the good people in the neighborhood began to fear the old sisters. Governesses and fractious mamas threatened their refractory children that they should be sent to the "Old Sisters;" and the school-boy who would frighten his companion, had only to say: "There come the Rhodopes!" One morning a new cause of alarm turned up. It appeared that about midnight, preceding, the boy, Jasper Lucan, came out from the house and went down to the river, where he threw something into the stream. To do this he stepped upon a stone, and it was his fortune to slip off. The water was deep where he fell in, and had it not been for a boatman who was close by, he would have been drowned; but this boatman pulled him out and set him on shore, and finding that he could get no reply to any of his questions, he brought his lantern to see what was the matter. Having got his light, he found that the boy he had saved was Jasper Lucan, and that his clothes were covered with blood. The boatman examined him carefully, but he found that he was not wounded in any way. His trowsers, which were of coarse duck, were all besmeared with blood, and so were his shirt and hat. But the boy was not detained, for no answers could be gained from him, and then the man had his boat to attend to. Before noon, this piece of news spread over the town, and stories about the old sisters went up in the market accordingly.

Near the old house of the four gables, in a small but upon the river's bank, lived a poor blind woman named Morris. She had one child, a son, named Luke, about fifteen years old, who managed, by picking up odd jobs, to support himself and his mother. One day Luke Morris was seen going into the house of the old sisters; he remained something over an hour, and then came out. When he reached his own dwelling he found seven persons there, waiting for his return. Immediately upon his entering they surrounded him and began to ask questions concerning his visit to the old house of the hags; but he would give no satisfactory answers. He only smiled when they asked him if the house wasn't all covered with blood; and when they asked him if he had heard any dismal groans, he told them, "Yes, a thousand of them."

"But, Luke—dear boy," urged his blind mother, "you mustn't go to the dreadful place. They'll kill you and cut you up."

"Yes, Luke," added an old woman who lived near, "you will be murdered and cut all up, just as sure as the world! Don't you go a nigh 'em. They only git ye in there so as to have ye jest when they want ye."

Luke informed the sympathizing friends, that one of the women—Roxana—had made a proposition to him to that very end, offering to support his mother through life, if he would allow them to cut him up to make meat pies of.

The hearers received this in good faith, and their horror was not to be expressed in words, though some of them attempted it. Had they been informed that the old sisters ate three roasted aldermen for breakfast, they would have believed it. However, the visitors departed at length, and then Luke told his mother that the sisters had hired him to work for them occasionally.

"But what kind of work?" the old lady asked.

"I am to help Jasper Lucan catch fish in the river, and there may be other things to do."

The mother was far from being satisfied, but after much argument she gave her consent that the boy might help the old sisters, on the condition that he would never allow himself to be killed and cut up.

The new story of Roxana's trying to kill Luke Morris so that she might cut him up for meat pies, spread rapidly, and a score of people waited upon the owner of the old house, and begged him to turn the two old beldams out of doors. But he informed them that he could not do it, as he had given them an unconditional lease, and bound himself not to trouble them so long as they would be responsible for the safety of the house.

But matters at length came to a crisis. Winter had come, and the boatmen could ply their skiffs no longer, for the river was frozen over. One day the startling announcement was made that Luke Morris was missing! He had not been seen for four days. People crowded in upon his mother, whom they found weeping and moaning frantically. This was on Friday. She told them that her son had been gone since Tuesday evening; that he said he was going to work for the two sisters, and that she must not be alarmed until she saw him, for he might be gone some time. The mother was sure that by "some time," her son only meant some hours; and after a deal of talking, it was finally decided that the boy actually said 'some hours."

But—horror of horrors!—on the very next day, some men found a mangled body in the ice close by the old house where the beldams lived. The prize was carefully taken out from its cold bed and carried directly to the office of the police, and there its appearance could be clearly made out; and hence it proved to be, not a human body, but the heart, lungs, liver, stomach, and intestines of such. Of course, the body itself had been chopped up for "*meat pies!*" A physician was sent for, and he decided that the remains were those of a person somewhere between the ages of fourteen and twenty. This settled the matter at once. A writ was applied for to the recorder, and he issued one immediately, and placed it in the hands of a proper officer to be served.

The two sisters manifested the utmost astonishment when they were arrested, but they betrayed no fear. When they were led forth into the street, a thousand people were collected to see them, and a cold, fearful shudder ran through the crowd, as the dark, forbidding, withered features of the beldams were visible. The boy Jasper was found in the house, and he also was arrested. The officers found it necessary to procure a carriage before they could make their way with the prisoners through the excited crowd.

In the meantime three officers remained to search the house. They went through the chambers first, but found nothing there, save some few articles of ordinary furniture. From there they entered the attics, but with the same result. Next they went into the lower rooms, and these they examined very carefully, entering every closet, and opening every cupboard. But they found nothing out of the way here. They then procured lanterns and went down into the cellar.

They had searched around here for some time, when they came to a trap-door, which they raised. As they lifted it, such a powerful stench came up that they were forced to let it down immediately. But they soon raised it again, this time protecting their nostrils. The place was deep and dark, and though they held down their lanterns at arm's length, yet nothing could be seen. Finally one proposed getting a string, and thus lowering one of the lanterns clear down. A line was procured, and a lantern lowered into the vault, and the officers were enabled to see a dark, corrupted mass of flesh and bones!

They closed the vault as they had found it, and were about to return, when one of them discovered a narrow passage away in one corner, which they had not before noticed. Towards this they made their way, and having followed it a distance of some twenty feet, they came to a square vault or room, near the centre of which, upon the damp stone, they saw a dark spot, as though a thick puddle of some dark liquid had coagulated there. Instinctively one of the men turned his gaze upwards, and he saw a small crevice in the plank ceiling through which the stuff had dropped. They knew that there must be a place overhead which they had not visited, and as soon as they could calculate upon the bearings and distances, they went back to the first floor. Here they followed up the course which was necessary to lead to the point over the vault, until they were brought up by a partition; but they knew they were right, and that there must be a room beyond. At length they passed around to where they remembered having found a closet with nothing in it, and upon examining the back of this closet, they found a secret door which they were obliged to burst open, not being able to find any legitimate means of opening it.

Mercy! What a sight met their eyes. The room to which they had thus gained entrance was about ten feet square, with a raised bench on one side, and the floor, walls, and bench all covered with blood! Sticking into the top of the bench, was a knife, all bloody, and also upon the floor they found a club covered with the same fearful witness of crime. It was truly a terrible moment for the officers. They gazed first upon the blood marks everywhere about them, and then upon each other. They were pale and tremulous, and without giving utterance to any intelligible sound they turned from the place. They breathed more freely when they had reached the outer air, and having securely locked up the house they started for the recorder's office, where they found the other officers awaiting their coming.

In a few words they gave an account of what they had found, only taking care to make it as terror-striking as possible. Thereupon the two sisters were asked if they had any explanation to make.

"About what?" asked Roxana, with perfect coolness.

"About these fearful witnesses that are brought up against you," answered the recorder.

"Of what am I, or rather, are *we*, accused?"

"Why, of wilfully and wickedly murdering Luke Morris."

"And are we to be tried for that crime at the present time?"

"No, not tried; but we are here to commit you for trial."

"Then at present we have nothing to say. When our time of trial comes on, we may speak. But now, my lord, I simply know that we could say nothing which would remove the prejudice from your mind, and myself and sister shall be more safe in prison than in the power of an ignorant and infuriated mob."

The two sisters were fully committed and led away, while the boy, Jasper Lucan, was retained. It was soon found that he could not speak, nor give any intelligible sign to them. The recorder then wrote a question upon a piece of paper, but the boy could not read it; and after trying in vain for some time to get a grain of information out of him, they gave it up and sent him off to be locked up, there to remain until the trial should come on at the next assizes.

In the meantime hundreds of the citizens flocked to the old house of the four gables, where they were admitted by the officers, and upon beholding the bloody room, and the vault of putrefaction, they gave utterance to the most dreadful curses upon the heads of the wicked murderesses. At one time it was feared that the prison would be broken open by the infuriated people, and the two sisters taken therefrom and torn in pieces. It was now not only very freely talked, but very generally believed, that the dark sisters of Bedford had long followed the practice of killing all whom they could entice to their den, and many a youth and man was called to mind, who had mysteriously disappeared. To be sure, these cases were mostly confined to the river hands; a class of people who had for years been in the habit of sailing away without giving any sort of notice of such intent to those who were left behind, and remaining away for a long while without asking any one's leave. Yet many such were missed, and it was easily concluded that the dark sisters had chopped them up.

The time of trial came within a few days after the sisters were imprisoned, and they were the second on the docket. They were brought into court guarded by fifty men, which force was necessary to keep off the mob, as the threat had been made that they should never reach the courthouse alive. The indictment was read, and the prisoners plead not guilty. Then the evidence was called for. First came the man who had cut the heart, liver, lungs, and etc. from the ice. The counsel for the defendants wished to know if the man could swear that those were not the intestines of a hog. Of course the witness could. He *knew* they were those of a human being.

However, he was allowed to proceed, and when he had got through, the old women who were in the blind widow's house when Luke told what the sisters had said to him, were severally called up. They testified that the boy came in very much frightened,—"e'n a'most scered to death," one of them swore—and told them that the sisters had promised him to take care of his mother while she lived if he would allow them to cut him up to put in meat-pies! This evidence produced a marked sensation in court, and the sheriff had to watch the prisoners closely, as there was an evident intent among the lookers-on to seize them, even in that sacred place.

But finally the evidence was all in. A butcher who lived not far from the house of the four gables, very reluctantly testified that he had thrown the inwards of a hog out upon the ice, and that a dog dragged it off down the river. Another man swore—he was obliged to do it—that he saw the dog drag the hog's inwards down to a point back of the old house, but there the animal broke through a thin place in the ice, and scrabbled out, leaving his prize behind him, fast among the broken pieces of ice. But this was nothing. Everybody knew that the sisters had murdered a great many men and boys, and they deserved punishment accordingly.

So the judge charged the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. They were gone from the court-room just four and a half minutes, and when they returned, the scowl of malignant satisfaction which rested upon their features told that they had agreed upon the death! But ere they could give their verdict, a very extraordinary circumstance transpired to throw a different coloring upon the whole matter. A sudden movement was made at the door, and on the next moment, Luke Morris hurried down the aisle and confronted the judge.

At first the people seemed to think that this was only a ghost that had thus made its appearance, for it had just been proved that the real Luke Morris had been murdered and chopped up into minute particles. But the delusion could not last long. When the youth rushed forward and confronted his mother, and then turned to the judge, the truth was apparent. The counsel for the prisoners arose and asked for a staying of proceedings; but the judge was determined to question the youth first, and that, too, without much regard for legal rule.

"You are Luke Morris, are you not?" he asked of the boy.

"Yes, my lord," replied Luke.

"And you have been some in the house of these two women who are now in the prisoner's box?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you were in there on the day that you were first missed by your friends?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now tell us where you have been."

The boy looked around upon the prisoners, and they made a motion for him to proceed.

"I have been to London, my lord."

"To London? And what did you go there for?"

Again the boy gazed round upon the women, and this time Roxana spoke.

"Tell the truth, Luke, and hide nothing," said she.

"Now speak, sirrah, and look not at those women again. What did you go to London for?"

"I went to carry a lot of fur tippets, and fur gloves, and fur capes; and some other things made of fur."

"Ah!—And for whom did you carry these things?"

"For Dapsley and Bottom, on the Islington Road."

"But I mean, who sent you with them?"

"The two old women back of me, my lord."

"And where did they get them?"

"They makes 'em, my lord."

"Make them—of what?"

"Of skins."

"What kind of skins?"

"My lord," here spoke the counsel for the defendants, "why not let the boy—or rather, cause him to—tell the whole story of what he has seen there, and what he has done? and also have him understand that he will suffer severely if he conceals or falsifies anything?"

So the judge ordered the boy to speak. The poor fellow scratched his head awhile, and then he commenced.

"Well, my lord, these women, the old sisters, as they is called, ax'd me as I would come an' work for 'em. I told 'em as I couldn't, 'cause I didn't know what they wanted me to do. Then they told as if I'd promise not to tell they'd tell me all about it. I promised, and they told me as they wanted me to catch cats for 'em to use, an' if I would do it, they'd pay me fourpence for every white one, an' sixpence for a black one, an' thr'pence ha'-penny for others. Jasper couldn't catch so many as they wanted. So I agreed to work for 'em. I knowed of lots of cats that didn't belong to nobody, an' I pitched into 'em. Sometimes me an' Jasper'd get ten in one night. Then we'd take them into the house, to a little room clean away in the back part, through a little closet, an' there Jasper'd kill 'em, and then I helped him skin 'em. Then the old women took the skins an' kind o' tanned 'em by the oven, an' then made 'em up into all sorts of things."

"Where did you use to throw the bodies of these cats?" asked one of the counsel.

"Why, we used to throw 'em into an old well in the cellar, where the water of the river came up an' washed 'em away; but all at once we found that the place had got choked up so that the bodies couldn't wash away, an' they made such a smell that we throwed 'em into the river, after that."

Upon this there was a very curious sensation in court. The case was looked into; a few officers sent again to the house; the witnesses examined again; and finally the decision was arrived at that there had been no murder done. The man who said 'twas a hog's inwards found upon the ice was believed; and, furthermore, Luke said he told the women at his mother's house that dreadful story about being chopped up for meat-pie, just to stop them from questioning him, never dreaming that they would take it in earnest.

And so the two sisters were cleared; but they chose to leave the town, for their business was ruined there, people being sure to keep their cats in doors while the dark twain remained; and some who had very fine white cats even went so far as to tie the feline rovers up until they were assured that Roxana and Nancy Rhodope had left Bedford.

PATENT MEDICINES.

The following certificate of the efficacy of patent pills is taken from the Philadelphia Mercury.

"I, John Lubberlie, was supposed to be in the last stage of consumption in '49, suffering at the same time under a severe attack of rheumatism, liver complaint, dropsy, gravel, and cholera morbus. Simultaneously, also, I took the yellow fever and small pox. The latter, assuming a chronic form, completely destroyed my lungs, liver, spinal marrow, nervous system, and the entire contents of my cranium. I got so low that I did not know my brother in law when he came to borrow some money. For three months I swallowed nothing but twenty packages of Kunkelhausen's Pill, which effected an immediate cure in two weeks. Sworn and subscribed, etc.

AXIOM.—It's a poor hen that lays eggs for your neighbor.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

A young man named Hund, was sent, some four years ago, in mid winter, by his master on an errand about twenty miles, to carry provisions to a village in the upper country. The village people asked him for charity to take three orphan children on his sledge a few miles on his way to Bergen and leave them at a house on the road, which they could be brought to Bergen. He took the little things, and saw that the two elder were wrapped up from the cold. The third he took within his arms and on his knee, as he drove, clasping it warm against his breast—so those say that saw them set off, and it is confirmed by one who met the sledge on the road, and heard the children prattling to Hund, and Hund laughing merrily at their little talk. Before they got half-way, however, a pack of hungry wolves burst out upon them from a hollow in the thicket to the right of the wood. The beasts followed close to the back of the sledge. Closer and closer the wolves pressed. Hund saw one about to spring at his throat. It was impossible for the horse to go faster than he did, for he went like the wind—so did the wolves. Hund, in his desperation, snatched up one of the children behind him, and threw it over the back of the sledge. This stopped the pack a little. On galloped the horse, but the wolves were soon crowded around again with the blood foaming to their muzzles. It was easier to throw over the second child than the first, and Hund did it. But on came again the infuriated beasts, more than ever hungry, and raging like fiends for their prey. It was harder to give up the third—the dumb infant that nestled in his breast—but Hund was in moral terror. He threw away the infant and saved himself. Away over the snow flew the sledge, the village was reached, and Hund just escaped after all the sacrifice he had made. But he was unsettled and wild, and his talk for some time, night or day, was of wolves—so fearful had been the effect upon his imagination.—*Miss Martineau's Norway and the Norwegians.*

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived in camp, were strolling about Cambridge, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks. Their half Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trowsers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground and snowballs began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'At this juncture,' writes our informant, 'Washington made his appearance whether by accident or design I never knew. I saw none of his aids with him; his black servant was just behind him mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, keeping them at arm's length, talking to and shaking them.'

As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct; they were engaged too, in one of those sectional brawls which were his especial abhorrence; his reprimand must, therefore, have been a vehement one. He was commanding in his serenest moments, but irresistible in his bursts of indignation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strong handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.—*Irving's Washington.*

News Glances.

UNCLE SAMUEL'S FARM.—To give, says an exchange, the English some idea of the extent of our domain, which they have recently talked so much about annihilating, at a single blow, we would state that the distance between the cities of New York and New Orleans is more than equal to that separating London from Constantinople, or Paris from St. Petersburg. By the land route between New York and Astoria, the distance is equal to that between New York and Bremen. By the water route the distance is as great as that between Canton and London.

A QUERY.—The Rev. Dr. Dewey having said in the course of a lecture at New Orleans, "If a cruel blow be dealt a dumb creature, it may turn with almost human indignation, but its countenance is incapable of undergoing those changes necessary to express its feelings," the Crescent City asks: "Did the doctor ever see a vicious horse open its mouth and lay back its ears?"

UNGALLANT.—During a trial in the police court the other day, a constable testifying with regard to a lady, said—"I know nothing of her but what I hear the neighbors say; and, in my opinion, what women say of one another is not worthy of belief." His opinion! Where are the strong minded and the cowhides?

NAHANT HOUSE.—Col. Stevens has added a new wing, containing one hundred rooms, to this large and elegant establishment, which makes it the largest hotel in New England. It will comfortably accommodate one thousand guests. Three acres of carpeting are required to furnish the rooms.

DEATH OF AN EDITOR.—Capt. Charles Donovan, formerly of this city, and recently associate editor of the Sonora Union Democrat, died at Sacramento on the 8th March. Capt. D. was a gentleman of much social and intellectual merit.

A FAST ONE.—A locomotive has recently been constructed in New York, the speed of which, by testing on the rail, is *eighty miles per hour!* This is nearly as rapid as even a Yankee will care to locomote.

FOREIGN PASSENGERS.—The total number of passengers from foreign countries who have arrived in the United States, since April 30th, 1843, is given at 3,400,000.

COMMUTATION OF THE SOUND DUES.—Denmark has proposed to the maritime States to abolish the Sound Dues, for an indemnification of 15,000,000 rix dollars, about $20,000,000.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—The Sultan Abdul Medjid's ladies consume nearly a thousand pounds of sugar a day. Sweet creatures!

IRON FRONTS.—Quite a number of the buildings now going up are to have their fronts of iron.

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TABLE TALK.

We must all eat to live; but many people only to eat—a miserable way of passing existence. We remember somewhere to have seen a little treatise, published somewhere about the year 1812, in which the author asserted that passions, and even accomplishments, were dependent for their character on food. Thus, total heaviness was said to be produced by Irish potatoes and lettuce; brilliant imagination, by the wings of quails and partridges; volubility by eating larks, and anger by feeding on turkey. A diet of peacocks would produce stupidity, and excessive indulgence in goose a predisposition to idiocy. But it is not worth while to follow out the fanciful speculations of the writer.

We degenerate moderns can never attain anything in the gastronomic line to what was done by the ancients. Ancient history is filled with facts relative to the profusion of Roman tables and the voracity of Roman eaters. The head of Lucullus's three hundred dining rooms and the Apollo room, wherein each banquet cost the revenue of a whole province; of six hundred ostrich heads, each prepared in a different way for a "pot-luck" dinner given by Heliogabalus; of twenty-two courses constituting a supper of the same emperor, who never ate of the same plate to be used before him, though it was of massive gold; of couriers, appointed by Trajan, to bring to him, on the banks of the Euphrates, fresh oysters from Lake Lucrine (not far from Rome); of Apicius, who, after discovering a number of new dishes, killed himself because he could no longer live no well on a hundred thousand dollars a year, to which income had been reduced; of the Emperor Antoninus, who died from eating too much cheese; of Claudius Esopus, a Roman actor, who to rival Cicero the art of declamation, and gave six hundred pounds for a bird which had learned to sing, speak and think, that he might make a fricassee of it. Darius assembled at dinner fifteen thousand guests, and sometimes spent a million dollars on a banquet. Caligula, according to Pliny, would suffer no wine on his table unless more than a hundred and sixty years old; Asinius Celer gave seven thousand crowns for a barber. When the Emperor Otho dined with his brother, seven thousand sorts of birds, or two thousand sorts of fishes were served up. Cleopatra, when supping with Mark Antony was so delighted with a bird prepared in particular way, that she left nothing but the head; and the Roman general was so gratified with the cook that he sent for him and made him a present of a whole city. In modern times, the Duke of Soubise, who is N.V. forgave the Duke de Soubise the loss of the battle of Rosbach in consideration of an omelette, which the marshal invented.

Shall we recall some of the great eaters of ancient times? The Emperor Claudius, one morning called for his breakfast—not that he was hungry, but he thought he could pick a quarrel or two. Well, a hundred perches were served up with a hundred beccaficas. After eating these melons, by way of prelude, the emperor followed everything on the table, including three dozens of oysters—thirty-three pounds of grapes were eaten by way of helping his digestion; and then he was ready, with a clear conscience, and good conscience, to attend to public affairs. He had risen from the breakfast table with an appetite! The comedian Pingon, in the reign of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a whole bear, a hundred loaves, a sheep, two suckling pigs, and washed the whole down with an amphora of wine—a measure, the capacity of which cannot ascertain, but for the sake of preserving consistency, we'll call it a hogshead. We could record a good many more trencher feats from classical authority, but we pause; for our readers might fancy that the ancient historians were too much addicted to drawing the long bow.

COOL.—At one of the California theatres a few weeks since, a quarrel took place between two fellows in the parquette, and they fired several shots at each other with revolvers. A lady who was in the boxes, was asked if she was frightened. "O, ha! no!" said she. "We are so used to having our bonnets and side curls cut with bullets that we don't mind such things. Such is the "worry last bulletin," as Mr. Webster, senior, says.

AN IRISHMAN'S DOG.—Southey, in his Commonplace, tells a story of a dog sold by an Irishman to an Englishman, that would never go to meat on a Friday. No persuasions could induce him to touch it. We must say we doubt the authenticity of this story.

COMMERCIAL.—Milk has become dearer since the recent rise in chalk; the tea trade is looking up on account of the flourishing condition of hedges; and the arrival of several sand ships has tended to depreciate sugars.

CONVERSATION.—"I am very fond of conversation," said the Duchess de Maine to Madame de Staël. "Everybody listens to me, and I to nobody."

IMPORTANT.—The king of the Sandwich Islands has ordered that a ham shall be planted between two bread fruit trees in his dominions.

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Conversation.—"I am very fond of conversation," said the Duchess de Maine to Madame de Staël. "Everybody listens to me, and I listen to nobody."

Important.—The king of the Sandwich Islands has ordered that a ham shall be placed between two bread fruit trees in his *dough*-minions.

ABOUT THOSE BOOTS.

"Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

Recalling an old laugh the other day, and trying to remember what caused it, we bethought ourselves of an adventure that poor B—— (dead now) was very fond of relating in years past. It occurred on board the "Lexington," on one of her passages from New York to Providence. The hero was a Vermont lad of twenty-five, sharp enough at a horse trade, but very verdant in everything else, who had just sold a string of nags in New York, and was now working his way round home *via* Providence and Boston. He "turned in" pretty early, and "turned out" again about sunrise the next morning, with the idea of "going up stairs," as he called it. Soon after he had put on his coat and hat, the passengers were astounded by a hideous outcry from "Varmount."

"What's the matter?" said a quizzical looking gentleman in green glasses.

"Matter?—matter enough, I reckon!" said Yankee. "Here's some onrighteous individual has gone and stole my bran new cowhide butes; cost me twenty-two York shillin's; and left me these ere slippers, made outen yaller dog-skin, not worth a dern!"

"Hush!" said the man with green glasses; "Don't speak so loud. It's a common occurrence—on board *this* boat. Some of the niggers must have done it. Did you never notice that all the steamboat niggers go well shod?"

"Wall I have, old hoss!—and that accounts for it, hey? Speak!—sing out! It does accesount for it, hey!"

"Hush! Yes—it does."

"Wall, I'll holler 'cap'n,' and get the boat stopped till I find my butes—cost me twenty-two shillins', York—I will, by gravy!"

"No, no! don't make a row. If you do, the thief'll throw 'em overboard. No, no! you watch the niggers, and when you find the delinquent, take him to the captain's office and make him settle."

"I'll settle him! I aint goin' to throw away a pair of twenty-two shillin' butes, no how."

It afforded much amusement to the man in green glasses and his cronies to see the Yankee shuffling and scuffling about the cabin in his yellow slippers, dogging every darkey and examining his feet. After a weary search, he came to his tormentor, and said:

"I'm going up stairs to pirate round there, and see if I can't trail 'em."

So up he went, and the cabin passengers could hear his heavy tread, and the scuff, scuff of his slippers all over the deck. By-and-by he came down again, just as a shiny African, with a pair of polished boots in his hand, went towards 93, the Yankee's berth. Just as he was drawing aside the curtain, to peep in, "Varmount" lit on him like a fierce tiger-cat, seizing him by the "scruff" of the neck, and yelling:

"I've cotched you, you double-distilled essence of Day and Martin biled down to the spirit of darkness, and mixed up with the hyperalphate of raskality! After my wallet, was you? Come along with me!"

"Lem me go!" said the indignant darkey, struggling to get free from the iron grip of his antagonist.

"Not as you knows on, you rambunctious old wool grower!" said the indignant Yankee. "I've harnded severer colts than you be." And he dragged the terrified black up the cabin stairs, followed at a safe distance by the gentleman in green glasses and his companions.

Bringing the culprit before the captain, he told his story and agreed to abide by his decision. Of course an explanation followed, with a verdict for the defendant, and the plaintiff sentenced to pay ninepence to the injured African.

"Sold, by maple!" said Vermont. "Here, nigger, here's a quarter, and give me the boots; but if I can kitch that chap in the green goggles, pickle me! if I don't heave him into the Sound!"

It is needless to say that while the boots were only half way on, the gentleman in green glasses disappeared, and was the first man to make himself scarce when the boat touched the wharf at Providence.

Borrowing and Lending.—The Marquis de Favieres, a great borrower, and well known for never returning anything that he borrowed, waited one day upon the famous banker, Samuel Bernard, and said to him, "Sir, I am about to astonish you: I am the Marquis de Favieres; I do not know you, and have come to borrow five hundred louis of you." "Sir," replied the banker, "I shall astonish you far more. I know the Marquis de Favieres, and I am going to lend him five hundred louis."

Elvie the Foundling.—We are gratified to know that this admirable story, now publishing in our columns, receives such universal commendation. Aside from the intricate plot and exceeding interest of the tale, it is written in that chaste and beautiful style for which Mrs. Orne has long been admired.

Rachel.—Leon Beauvallet, who is writing an account of the Rachel tour in America, in the Paris Figaro, speaks very well of the Bostonians and of the Boston Theatre. He also pays a high and deserved compliment to that admirable comedian, William Warren, of the Museum.

Slash Cottage.—One of the features of the celebration of Henry Clay's birthday, at "Slash Cottage," Va., was the christening of the village by the name of Ashland. The ceremony was performed by Hon. John M. Botts.

Buenos Ayres.—This must be a pleasant place to live in. During six months the people there have had two conspiracies and three threats of invasion.

Telegraphic.—The cable of the New York and Newfoundland Telegraph Company will be laid by Mr. Canning.

Public Printing.—The U. S. Congress spend about a million annually for printing.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The Indian title to Manhattan Island (New York city) was bought for twenty four dollars.

Professor Liebig has been offered five thousand dollars to come to this country and lecture.

Silly people still believe the mad stone to be a cure for hydrophobia.

The Norwegian population of Dane county, Wisconsin, amounts to 6628 persons.

A cook in Italy lately made the first pumpkin pie ever seen there.

Julia Dean Hayne is said to have lost her voice through over exertion.

A portion of the tunnel of the Hudson River Railroad lately fell in.

The Rev. Dr. Wayland (Baptist) recommends a kneeling posture at prayer.

A son of the poet Longfellow was lately injured by the bursting of a gun.

A writer from the Balize, Honduras, says there are no lawyers there.

The city of Parma is again under martial law—on account of politics and assassinations.

An American hotel is to be established in London, with a capital of over $4,000,000.

The sheriff of Franklin Co., Ala., lately hanged a man in spite of the governor's reprieve.

The four babies who won the prizes at the Boston Baby Show are all dead.

Ear rings are worn by all nations. In the East Indies they're as large as saucers.

The pay of the Roxbury firemen has been raised to forty dollars per annum.

Jenny Lind once received $20,000 at a single concert in this city.

The new novel of Bernice is said to have been written by Mrs. Lesdernier.

The Cambridge horse railroad sometimes takes forty dollars an hour.

There is no prospect of having a colored military company in Boston.

The steam fire engine did good service at the Gerrish Market fire, recently.

Mr. Folsom, the well known librarian of the Boston Athenæum, has resigned.

The message of the governor of New Jersey in 1713 was three lines long. A model.

Boots used to be made of brass and iron. Remarkably nice for tender feet.

Lyell, the geologist, says it must have taken 67,000 years to form the Mississippi Delta.

Frankenstein, of Cincinnati, has made a noble statue of a kneeling child.

WASHINGTON IN 1773.

When Col. Washington was in New York, in 1773, it was boasted at the table of the British governor that a regiment just landed from England contained among its officers some of the finest specimens of martial elegance in his majesty's service.

"I wager your excellency a pair of gloves," said Mrs. Morris, an American lady, "that I will show you a handsomer man in the procession to-morrow than your excellency can select from your famous regiment.

"Done, madam," replied the governor.

The morrow came (June 4), and the procession, in honor of the birthday of the king, advanced through Broadway, to the braying of the trumpets and the beat of drums. As the troops defiled before the governor, he pointed out to the lady several officers, claiming her admiration for their superior persons and brilliant equipments. In the rear of the troop came a band of officers not on duty, of colonial officers, and strangers of distinction. On their appearance, the attention of the governor was attracted towards a tall and martial figure, that marched with grave and measured tread, apparently indifferent to the scene around him. The lady now archly observed, "I perceive your excellency's eyes are turned towards the right object. What say you to your wager now, sir?"

"Lost, madam," replied the gallant governor. "When I laid my wager, I was not aware that Colonel Washington was in New York."

Married off the Stage.—Miss Farren married the Earl of Derby; Miss Brunton, the Earl of Craven; Miss Bolton, Lord Thurlow; Miss Melton, the Duke of St. Albans; Miss Foote, the Earl of Harrington; Miss Stephens, the Earl of Essex; Miss O'Neil, Sir William Wrixen Beccher; and Mrs. Jorden, William IV. when he was Duke of Clarence. Thus the English stage has furnished a good many ornaments to English high life.

Sparking.—The custom of "sitting up" with sweethearts is purely New England. A man recently owed his liberty to his courting. He was accused of breaking into a bank at a certain hour of a certain night, when he called his beloved as a witness to prove that he was paying his addresses to her at that time and so established a triumphant *alibi*.

The Gipsies.—At present there are about two million gipsies in Europe—we don't know exactly how many there are in this country. How many romances, tales, plays and operas have been written about them? They are very picturesque on the stage, but very disagreeable about hen roosts and clothes lines.

Ancient.—The Chinese make out pretty long pedigrees. In a history of the Celestial Empire, we find this passage: "About this time the world was created." An engraving is introduced to illustrate the fact, representing a mandarin in the clouds, looking on through a spy-glass.

The World's Marine.—It is stated that the waters of the earth are navigated by 145,000 vessels, of 12,904,687 tons; of which the United States have 5,500,000 tons, Great Britain, 5,000,000 tons, and France only 716,130 tons.

"Concert by Old Bull!" said a Yankee, reading a poster. "What'll they git up next? Our old bull Brindle can beller like sixty; but I never heard of *his* goin' 'round givin' concerts!"

Award.—Rossiter, the artist of New York, received a one thousand franc gold medal at the late Paris Exposition.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Ponlatowski," an historical poem, from the French of Bernager, translated by Francis A. Durivage.

"The Bride of the Ocean," a story by Mrs. Caroline A. Soule.

"In Spheres of Light," stanzas by Frank Fresloye.

"The Heroic Sacrifice," a tale by Mary A. Lowell.

"Vive la Bagatelle," a poem by Blanche D'Arcine.

"A Sudden Conversion," a story by Sylvanus Cobb Jr.

"A Vision of the Past." lines by Lilla Lightfoot.

"Why," verses by Ellen Alice Mordaunt.

"Whig and Tory," a story of the Revolution, by Gideons H. Ballou.

"The Old Oak Tree," stanzas by Clara Augusta.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

A fine emblematic representation of the State of Michigan.

A large picture representing the celebrated Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris.

A series of Japanese views, giving first, a picture of Japanese Wonders; second, a Maid of Honor's Chariot; third, Wild Horses; fourth, the idol Amida; fifth, representation of Tilting in Japan; sixth, Japanese Fishermen; seventh, Japanese Pleasure Barge; and eighth, Chariot of a Noble Lady of Japan.

Portrait of Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow.

The Trapper and the Indians, or a race for life.

View of the city of Palermo, Italy.

Merchants' Exchange Buildings, Liverpool, England.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of The Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The rumor of Rachel's intended marriage is contradicted.

The Protestants of France have nearly 1000 ministers and 1500 places of worship.

Six thousand French have embarked at Marseilles for the Crimea, probably to supply sick vacancies.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander of the English naval forces in the East Indies, died at Devonport on the 21st of March.

Napoleon determines to send an extensive expedition of colonization to Madagascar. England does not oppose it.

There is some talk of a powerful force being sent into Africa to complete the entire subjugation of the native tribes.

Among rumors prevalent one is, that the emperors of Russia and Austria have respectively promised to visit Paris soon after the conclusion of peace.

The Armenians and Greeks have protested against the late toleration and reform decree of the Sultan. The Greek petition is especially directed against the articles relating to the clergy.

A review of 100,000 men will be held at Paris, and celebrate the signing of the treaty of peace. The review is nominally as a compliment to Count Orloff, the only soldier of the Plenipotentiaries.

Cornelius, the German artist, has completed a picture, "The Last Judgment," the total height of which is 96 feet, and that of the principal figures 17 feet. The artist is said to have treated the subject with great skill, and has introduced 128 figures in every possible variety of grouping.

The London Times, in an editorial, speaks of "our allies' unwise and undignified demonstrations in favor of peace," and conceives that the British will be discontented with the terms of peace, the only results to England being her victories, and the consciousness of undiminished resources.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

We may live by forms, but there is no dying by forms.

Of all the ills love brings, jealousy is one for which women have the least sympathy.

Your word is your servant so long as you retain it; but if it becomes your master when you suffer it to escape.

He has a good income who has but few occasions of spending; not he who has great rents and great vents.

Men of the noblest dispositions always consider themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Nature makes us poor, only when we want necessaries; but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Men live best on moderate means. Nature has dispensed to all men wherewithal to be happy, if mankind did but understand how to use her gifts.

If the prudence of reserve and decorum dictates silence in some circumstances, in others prudence of a higher order may justify us in speaking our thoughts.

Sincerity is an opening of the heart. We find it in very few people; and that which we generally see is nothing but a subtle dissimulation to attract the confidence of others.

Truth is like a torch—the more it is shaken the more it shines. But it sometimes burns people's hands. Can't help that—such noses had better keep out of the way!

Honor to those that labor in school rooms! Although they may fall from notice like the spring blossoms, like the spring blossoms they fall that the fruit may be born.

There was a moral grandeur in Luther's faith, when, in reply to an offer from the Elector of Saxony of military aid, he replied, "You cannot help us by your arms, but we can help you by our prayers."

Joker's Budget.

Why is a joiner less handsome than his wife? Because he is a deal planer.

What utility is there in killing hogs, if they are *cured* directly afterwards?

The editor of the Young America has a ferocious poodle, which he backs to lick any plate in the neighborhood.

Never purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love. Some call them "small potato friends."

A young lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a wedding party.

"Mr. Smith, the hogs are getting into your cornfield!" "Never mind, Billy, I'm sleepy; corn wont hurt 'em."

Paddy said that the best friend he had in the world when he came over to Liverpool, was an "Irish shilleen," (a shilling). Poor Paddy was about right.

A fellow in Albany is going to have his life insured, so that when he dies he can have something to eat in Austria, not be dependent on the cold charities of the world, as he once was.

An editor in Arkansas was lately shot in an affray. Luckily, the ball came against a bundle of unpaid accounts in his pocket. Gunpowder could not get through that!

What is the sovereign difference between Russia and Austria? Why, in Russia the emperor is the pope, and in Austria the pope is emperor, as verified by the concordat.

A Western paper advertises thus: "*Run Away*—A hired man named John; his nose turned up five feet eight inches high, and had on a pair of corduroy pants much worn."

Quill and Scissors.

A young man from Richmond, named Booker, who was a student at Washington College, at Lexington, Va., was accidentally shot, recently, by a fellow student, named Fultz, from Stanton, and has since died. Young Fultz is said to be nearly deranged from grief.

James G. Shute, of Woburn, Mass., whom the Boston Traveller calls an "amateur zoologist," has kept a tortoise two years and six months without food. It is an interesting experiment—to the "amateur," but how would he like to have it tried upon himself?

A lawyer recently attempted to palm himself off as Rufus Choate in a neighboring town. At the suggestion of a printer, who was present, the "writing test" was applied to him. He wrote a legible sentence, and was promptly kicked out of the company.

The National Bank of New York, of whom the late Albert Gallatin was the founder, and his son, James Gallatin, the president, will re-organize in July under the General Banking Law, with an enlarged capital—$1,500,000 instead of $750,000.

Benjamin Marshall, Esq., of Troy, New York, offers to give six acres of land for the purpose of securing the erection of a suitable building in that city for the reception and treatment of patients afflicted with infectious diseases.

So shocking is the condition of the roads between Indianola and the Gulf Coast of Texas, that flour was worth twenty five dollars a barrel at the latest advices, and at some other places in that section it could not be bought at all.

A strong minded woman in Chelsea, Mass., has her own maiden name engraved upon the street door-plate. Her husband, she says, lives with her—not herself with her husband. A distinction with a difference.

Major Robert B. Harney, brother of General Harney, lately died at his residence in Elktown, of a paralytic attack. The major served under General Jackson, and was wounded in the battle of Horse Shoe Bend.

Rev. Mr. Vermilye, of the Federal Street Church, Newburyport, has declined to receive an increase upon his salary, which had been voted at the annual meeting of the parish, for this year.

Thousands who have read "The Angel in the House," by Coventry Patmore, will be delighted to hear that "The Espousals," the continuation, is shortly to be published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

A memoranda of the dates on which the ice in the Hudson River has broken up, for a period of thirty-nine years past, shows that only five years within that time has it remained closed till April.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, of Boston, and two other gentlemen, have purchased 12,000 acres of land in Iowa, on which they purpose to colonize 100 families, mostly from New Hampshire and Maine.

We obtain from the foreign papers the highly important and astonishing intelligence, that upon the table of the Peace Conference in Paris there were six inkstands, two for each ambassador.

Capt. William Eaton, a respectable citizen of Wells, Maine, was cut in two by the saw in his sawing mill, recently, and part of his body fell into the stream below.

The Boston doctors of science are again discovering in Cochituate water, myriads of cyclopean animalcules and the oil globules that exude from them.

The California Farmer expresses the opinion that hereafter coffee will be grown in that State for their own consumption, and also for exportation.

Some of the Western papers say that there is comparatively but little wheat in store on the railroads and canals in that part of the country.

The mammoth safe, made for the New York Park Bank, is said to be the largest in the world. The weight is ten tons, and the cost was $2500.

The Spaniards say, "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal, at thirty to anybody who will have her."

A daughter of Gov. Johnson made a narrow escape, lately, from a pistol shot by a drunken rowdy in the streets of Pittsburg, Pa.

The police of New York have commenced an unrelenting war upon street beggars, determined to remove that species of imposition.

The story that Louis Napoleon led a dissolute life in New York in 1837, is flatly contradicted in the Courrier des Etats Unis.

The total loss by the recent fire at Galena, Ill., was $300,000; the heaviest insurances were in London and Liverpool.

Property to the amount of $2,028,900 was sunk in the Mississippi River in the year ending September 30, 1855.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Kirk, Mr. George T. Marsh to Miss Margaret Butler, both of Ware.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. James G. Thompson to Miss Phila A. Baxter.

By Austin J. Coolidge Esq., Mr. Alexander McDonald to Miss Margaret J. Perry.

By Rev. Mr. Clark, Mark Googins, Esq. to Miss Eliza Googins.

By Rev. Dr. Vinton, Henry Ward, Esq., of Baltimore, to Miss Caroline M. Reynolds.

By Rev. Mr. Healey, Mr. Patrick Brophy to Miss Ellen M. Coughlin.

At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr Anderson, Mr. Robert W. Hayne to Miss Martha L. Woodworth.

At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Medbury, Mr. Daniel W. Hoyt, of Amesbury, to Miss Mary E. Pierce.

At Abington, by Rev Mr. Foster, Mr. Proctor A. Howard to Miss Julia Farrar.

At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Isaiah White, Jr. to Miss Mary Josselyn.

At Dedham, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. William H. Mason to Miss Mary L. Gardner, of Boston.

At Millbury, by Rev. Mr. Griggs, Mr. Stillman Turner to Mrs. Sophia E. Flagg.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Mr. Silas Cryis to Miss Melissa Smith.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Mr. Enoch C. Tappan to Miss Sarah E. Hunt.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Weiss, E. L. Barney, Esq. to Miss Mary Hillman.

At New York, by Rev. Dr. Chapin, Mr. James Turner, of Paris, to Miss Marie Therese Carpenter, of Boston.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Harriet A. Carrell; Mrs. Mary L., wife of Mr. George T. Carruth, 37. Mr. Thomas Harlow, Jr., 22. Mrs. Ellen Smith, wife of B. Porter Chamberlain, Esq., 51. Mrs. Charlotte A. Cutter Morse, 67.

At Chelsea, Mr. Daniel Powars, 87; Mrs. Abby W., wife of Capt. Elbridge G. Conner, 28.

At West Cambridge, Widow Nancy Hill, 90.

At Malden, Mr. William Nichols, 64.

At Waltham, Mrs. Ann M. Keyes, 54.

At Woburn, Mr. William Winn, 72.

At Salem, Widow Mehitable Rose, 81; Capt. John Howey, 77; Widow Sally Bott, 77; Mr. Paul K. Brown, 72.

At Walpole, Miss Sarah E. Plimpton, 23.

At Quincy, Mr. Charles Francis Savil, 39.

At Milton, Mrs. Martha Stanley, 77.

At Newburyport, Miss Anna Ferber, 72; Mr. Samuel Brayton, 61.

At Danvers, Mrs. Sarah Russell, 65.

At Lowell, Mrs. Rebecca Sawtell, 62; Mr. Ira Spaulding, 52.

At Charlton, Mrs. Ellen McCurdy, 56.

At Leicester, Mr. Silas Merriam, 64.

At North Fairhaven, Widow Sarah Merrihew, 86.

At New Bedford, Mr. Charles V. Card, 50; Mr. James Tripp, 48.

At Shrewsbury, Mr. Joseph H. Warren, 43; also, next day, Mrs. Abby N., his wife, 36.

At Edgartown, Mr. Aaron Fisher, 72.

At Lanesboro', Mr. Lemon Lamel, 66.

At Taunton, Mrs. Hannah Albro, 72.

At Bradford, Vt., Mr. James B. Whiting, recently of Charlestown, 31.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SPRING-TIME.

BY A. C. CLOSSON.

Brightly now the warm sun glowing,
Winter's mantle melts away—
And the brooklets, roused from slumber,
Part forth merrily to day.
Soon will tiny blades come creeping
To the sunlight and the air,
And the loving heart of nature
Rises the day god's fostering care.

Soon the forest's buds will open,
And the tender leaves appear,
While the happy birds' sweet trillings
Fill it with melodious cheer.
Soon will bud and blossom greet us,
And the meek be crowned with flowers,
Sending forth their fragrant perfumes
On the summer's lingering hours.

Then with beauty all around us,
Joy without and hope within,
May we walk through light and shadow,
Free from sorrow, free from sin.
May we own the loving power
That to us such joy hath given,
Blessing earth, as once its Eden,
With a beauty born of heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GRACE ARRINGTON.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"For shame, sir—for shame! thus to murmur at Heaven's decrees, thus to receive its precious gifts!" And good old Dr. Davis looked the indignation he felt at his companion.

The two gentlemen were in the library of Mr. Arrington's handsome country house; the speaker standing with his hands behind him, and a very unusual flush of anger on his fine face, while Mr. Arrington sat at his table with his face buried in his folded arms, resting on his desk. The family physician had just announced the birth of a daughter; news received by the disappointed father, first with angry unbelief, and afterwards with hopeless despair.

He was a tall, stern looking man, bearing the marks of fierce passions on his countenance, with deep sunken eyes and knitted brow. Few men would have presumed to address words of reproach to him, but Dr. Davis was a privileged friend, and for the sake of the gentle young wife and mother would run far greater risks. His fearless, open manner was his greatest safeguard; and in his wildest fits of passion, Mr. Arrington would come down under the plain spoken reproaches and shocked look of the good man.

"How can I calmly listen to the crushing of my last hope, the destruction of my cherished plans?" was the father's answer to the doctor's last words. "There is nothing now to prevent my hated cousin's becoming our uncle's heir, while I, with all my debts, am to be burdened with the care of a sickly wife and two wretched girls; curses on the fate!" And he ground his teeth in helpless rage, and again buried his face in his hands.

Finding that in his present mood, all remonstrances were useless, the doctor quietly left the room and sought the chamber of the young mother. At the door he found the eldest daughter, a child of two years, pleading to be taken to her mother.

Taking her from her nurse, he entered the room, and Mrs. Arrington, prepared for any unkindness on her husband's part, evinced no surprise at his absence, and merely shed a few quiet tears over her little girls.

She was a very young and beautiful woman, but care and sorrow had stolen the roses from her fair cheeks, and given sad looks to the once sparkling eyes. The beloved and only child of doting parents, she had seen little of care, and less of unkindness, until, won by the polished manners and fair exterior of Mr. Arrington, she had become his bride. But ere the first week of her strange new life had passed, the poor girl saw her mistake, and soon learned to tremble at the frown of him she had believed perfection, and to whose keeping she had entrusted her life's happiness.

Mr. Arrington was jealous and overbearing, proud of the beauty of his wife, yet fearful that others should see and admire her; fond of society, yet frequently sacrificing his dearest friend to his arbitrary disposition. His grandfather—old Philip Arrington—had bequeathed handsome fortunes to his three remaining children, all that had been spared to him from a large family. At the time of their father's death, Philip and John, the two oldest, were of the respective ages of twenty and twenty two years, while Herbert, the youngest, was scarcely five.

Philip never married; and as years passed on, and he acquired a large practice as a lawyer, he gradually improved the property left him by his father, and at the time my story commences was counted one of the richest men in B—shire. John, the second son, married as soon as he became of age; lived an useless, extravagant life; broke his wife's heart with neglect and coldness, and died, leaving one son (Mr. Arrington) to fight and struggle his way through the world.

With extravagant tastes and great worldly pride, young John Arrington found himself at twenty-one with little more to gratify them than the very moderate fortune secured to him by his mother's marriage settlements. For ten years he contrived to live on this, each year, however, sinking deeper in debt, when finding that things could not continue so much longer, he bethought himself of taking a rich wife. In this last resort to retrieve his embarrassed condition, he proved exceedingly fortunate; and the fair young girl he won with false professions and pretended devotion, brought him both wealth and beauty for her dower.

His uncle, Herbert Arrington, now about thirty eight years of age, had been married nearly five years, and his son, at the time little Eveline was born, was four years old. To account for John Arrington's dislike of this boy, we shall have to go back a few years to the early days of the old bachelor Philip.

In his youth, Philip Arrington had passionately loved a young girl whom his father disapproved of. Determined that he should not marry her, Mr. Arrington and her father made a match between her and a young man, far inferior in every respect to Philip. For two years young Arrington shunned all female society, but at the end of that time was accidentally thrown into the company of a beautiful young lady, lovely, fascinating and accomplished, but poor. For a time his suit prospered, and even progressed so far that the wedding day was fixed, when Philip found a rival in the shape of an old friend of Miss Smith's father.

It is true he was something over fifty, wore a wig, and in complexion rather too nearly resembled an orange; but what mattered that, when he could keep a carriage, a score of servants, and wear a diamond ring worth more money than Miss Smith had ever seen in her life? He was pleased with Miss Smith the first time he saw her, and rather wished young Arrington would not occupy so much of her attention. The next time he called, Miss Smith was alone; the lady was agreeable, the gentleman fascinated; she sung and played a sentimental song to amuse him, and he made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune. The lady hastily threw into one scale Philip, his love, his good looks, and his pretty cottage home—in the other, her saffron-faced admirer, a coach, and a splendid city mansion, with dresses and jewels innumerable. Need we say which preponderated?

The end of it was that Miss Smith learned to hate her lord and master ere she had been many months a wife; finding, to her sorrow, that even golden fetters are distressing; while Philip cursed all women as jilts and deceivers, and applied himself to his profession with redoubled ardor. He removed from the scenes of his unfortunate attachments, bought a comfortable house, secured the services of a trustworthy old lady for housekeeper, and set seriously about making money.

And he did make money, and everything he undertook brought him in money; and the more money he got the more he wanted; and at the time his nephew, John, married, he was immensely rich. Very little correspondence had been kept up between the brothers; but when Philip heard that another of the hated sex had been brought into the family, he suddenly felt a curiosity to see his brother's and nephew's wives.

His visit did not afford him much satisfaction, as, to all outward appearances, both couples were in the enjoyment of great happiness—Herbert and his wife being really attached to each other, while John had too much pride to allow his uncle to witness any unpleasantness in his house. As there was nothing to find fault with in the selection either Kinsman had made, and the two families were on good terms, his malice invented a device whereby to destroy their future comfort. He announced his intention of bequeathing his vast property to the youngest male Arrington alive at his decease.

To this new whim Herbert paid but little attention; partly because his rapidly increasing fortune promised to be more than sufficient for the wants of his family, and partly because he suspected the real motive that had induced his eccentric brother to give publicity to an intention so likely to cause dissension. But on John Arrington the effect was all that his uncle could have wished in his most malicious humor.

Until the birth of Eveline, he contented himself with anticipating the blessing a son would be, and having convinced himself that such a thing as disappointment was not to be thought of, was even kinder to his poor young wife than heretofore. But all his ill temper returned when he found that so far his young cousin was the heir; and he hated him for it, although not quite without love for his own first-born.

Herbert's family meanwhile was increased by the addition of two little girls, and a few months before the commencement of our story, by still another son. But John Arrington's hopes were once more raised to the pitch of expectation; and so great a hold had this one idea taken on his mind, that he could better have listened to the announcement of the loss of wife, child, and every friend he had, than be told that his wishes were again crossed. He viewed it as an actual wrong, and in that spirit reproached the Providence that had so afflicted him.

From the hour of her birth, Grace Arrington knew nothing of the blessing of a father's love. It was not until she was several weeks old that her father ever saw her, and then the meeting was accidental. Since his last disappointment, he had even withdrawn the affection he once bestowed on little Eveline; and her mother almost feared to trust her darlings from her sight, so great was her terror that her husband might, in his passion, commit some dreadful act.

Soon after the birth of his youngest child, Mr. Arrington went to London, and his wife was suffered to drag out a weary existence alone with her children and servants, the latter being creatures of the master, and having more authority in the house than their mistress. It was while Mr. Arrington was away, and when Grace was two months old, that Herbert resolved to pay a visit to his poor niece and her neglected little ones. He was much attached to her, and felt deeply for the children forsaken by their father, and seemingly so friendless.

On arriving at their home, he had considerable difficulty in gaining admittance, so strict were Mr. Arrington's orders against all visitors in his absence. But his uncle was not a man easily repulsed when doing what he considered his duty, and he felt that he ought to take some interest in the fate of his young kinswoman and her children. He found her but the shadow of her former self, pale, sick and dispirited, her beauty faded, her once bright hopes crushed. She warmly welcomed him, and after spending several pleasant hours in conversation and inquiries, Herbert rose to leave, when she spoke of one request she had to make.

"Anything, anything that I can do for you, my dear child," was her uncle's warm-hearted answer.

"It is a serious request, but I have long thought of your coming—long waited for an opportunity to make it. I shall not long be here. Nay! don't try to deceive me; look there." And drawing up the sleeve of her loose dress, she held up an arm and hand round which there was scarcely an appearance of flesh, the long fingers looking like those of a skeleton.

She smiled faintly as Herbert, pale and sorrowful, raised the transparent hand to his lips.

"I cannot long stay here; and uncle, when I am gone, will you take my poor babes—my little fatherless girls? Your wife is kind and good, and in her my children will find a mother, in you a father. Will you promise me this, and bid me rest in peace?"

Earnestly Herbert promised to fulfil her request, to adopt her children, and in all respects bring them up as his own. There was but one reservation. "If their father will consent."

"Only too willingly. To him they are a burden and a cause of grief." And her tears fell fast as she spoke the sad words.

Herbert bade her farewell, kissed the little ones, and left the house. As he journeyed homeward, he meditated on the melancholy fate of this once beautiful and happy girl, so undeservedly brought on by the cruel conduct of her husband and the malicious contrivance of his own brother, and he felt rejoiced that he had in some measure atoned by making the requested promise. When informed of what had passed, Mrs. Herbert Arrington was equally pleased, and her warm heart was deeply touched at the affecting picture her husband drew of the scene he had witnessed.

That night, when she sat beside him in their comfortable parlor, their little ones gathered round them, and all happy and rejoicing in their love, large tears rolled down the fond mother's cheek, and she bent over her baby boy to hide her emotion. But Herbert knew that his tender-hearted young wife was thinking of another whose lot was, O, how different from her own! Her sorrows were soothed by no husband's kindness, whose babes felt no father's caress.

He looked on his little twin girls—two little delicate blossoms, scarcely seeming for this world,—and in his heart he wondered how a father could ever become so unnatural as to cast off his helpless offspring. He looked on his wife, as she sat with her infant in her arms, in all her bloom of health and contentment; and he thought of that other, her superior in beauty, in accomplishments, in all domestic graces that charm and delight a husband; and his astonishment and pity increased. How blindly had John Arrington sacrificed his own happiness and that of his wife; how wantonly had he crushed her young life; how shamefully betrayed her trust. On all these wrongs did Herbert ponder, and his heart was sad and troubled for another's woes; but the day was soon to come when he should have sorrows of his own to mourn over.

Six months after his visit to his nephew's wife, Herbert laid his three youngest children in the grave. The little boy went first—the pet, the baby, they all wept when he was taken from them. But soon one merry little girl was laid beside her brother; and when the dark shadows fell over the face of the other, and he knew that she also was gone, Herbert wept like a woman.

To bear this heavy affliction, the mother seemed the strongest, and when all was over, and she could no longer minister to the wants of her lost ones, no longer touch the little hands, press the soft cheek, or bend down to listen to sweet, low voices murmuring fond words, she yielded not to unavailing sorrow. Of her children she had been fond, exceedingly fond; but for her husband, words are weak to express the entire, the engrossing love, she felt for him. Even her little ones were dearer on that account; and now her own sorrow was forgotten in her anxiety to assuage his bitter grief, to pour balm into that wounded heart. Not even in the first days of their marriage had she been so kind, so thoughtful, so affectionate; and Herbert was at last roused from his sorrow, by observing the sad changes care and anxiety were making in his beloved wife.

He, in his turn, now became the comforter; and so in time they learned to think and speak calmly of their trial. Their oldest child was still spared to them, and the parents rejoiced in his bright promise for the future, and were happy, although a sigh would rise, or a tear fall, as some memento of the lost ones recalled their sorrow.

A year passed away, and Herbert was suddenly summoned to the death-bed of his niece. He instantly obeyed the call, and hastened to the house he had not entered since the day when he had contrasted the misery of its inmates with the happiness of his own. His feelings were of the most distressing character, and he was little prepared to meet his nephew, whose joyful countenance appeared so out of place. The secret was soon told—the mother was dying; but the father had his wish, and a son had at last gladdened the heart of John Arrington.

Astonished at the coolness with which Herbert listened to this latter news, he could not refrain from inquiring if he "recollected how that affected the prospects of his son," and was only reminded of his mistake when he saw the contemptuous glance his uncle bestowed upon him, and heard his command to "lead him instantly to the bedside of his dying wife."

There were but few words passed between the uncle and niece; and in less than half an hour after his arrival, she had left sorrow, despair and anguish; and before him lay a cold pale face, whose smile reminded him of the innocents he had lost. John Arrington did not feign a grief he did not feel, nor did he offer the slightest objection to his wife's wishes in regard to the little girls. He thanked his uncle for relieving him of such a charge, gave him all the dresses, jewelry and furniture that had belonged to their mother, and promised never to interfere in anything pertaining to their future lives, giving them solely to him.

Herbert bore them home carefully and tenderly, and gave them into the loving, motherly arms held out to receive them; and both wept as they looked on these treasures, motherless, and cast out from a father's love; and both thought on the little girls that had once graced their own fireside, and welcomed these forlorn ones to replace them.

For several days Mrs. Arrington could not realize that such happiness was hers, and she would gaze for hours on the little faces so fondly turned to her own, or creep softly to their little bed, to make sure that she had them still. But when she saw that to her husband they were each day becoming dearer, that they had taken the place in his heart once occupied by their own, that he had resumed his cheerfulness, and could be merry with the gayest among their evening gathering, she blessed them in the fulness of her heart, and poured out on them the boundless treasures of a mother's love.

We must now pass over fifteen years, during which time but few changes took place in the circumstances of any of our friends, the Arrington family. Philip was more miserly, more ill natured, and hated women more cordially than ever. He was now nearly seventy-four years of age. Herbert and his wife were but little changed; affairs had prospered with them, and they looked cheerful and happy.

Their son—young Herbert—was a fine young man of two-and twenty, the pride and joy of his parents, and the delight of his cousins. Eveline and Grace were still with their kind friends, and none could have supposed that they were other than the daughters of the house. Loving and beloved, they knew not the want of a parent's kindness; for in their treatment of her children, Herbert and his wife faithfully performed their promise to the mother.

John Arrington and his young son still resided at the house where his wife had died; but they had few servants, and the establishment was reduced to the lowest scale. To indulge his darling and spoiled child, the doting father made the greatest sacrifices of his comfort and convenience, and deprived himself of luxuries made absolutely necessary by custom and habit. But John Arrington was a changed man. His whole thought and hope was centered on the possession of his brother's splendid fortune, and his whole care and devotion on the object by which it was to be obtained. On this son he lavished the fondest affection; and the haughty and imperious man, before whom his gentle wife was wont to tremble in terror, was now the slave of a wilful, obstinate boy.

To such a pitch had young Philip's authority reached, that the few attendants they were obliged to keep always gave the preference to the son's commands, even if in opposition to their master's.

It annoyed John Arrington that his son was not known to be the heir to his uncle; that in the eyes of others, this object of his fond hopes was no other than a common youth. He at last wrote to his uncle, reminding him of his promise, and asking him to acknowledge Philip as the inheritor of his property.

The answer was short and unsatisfactory; the old man merely reminded him that he was not dead yet, that his will did not go into effect until that event should happen, and that there might yet be a score of young Arringtons born ere he left the world. As a characteristic finish, he begged permission to inform him that young Herbert was now a man, and in all probability would soon marry.

Since the birth of his own son, Mr. Arrington had lost that ill feeling towards his cousin that he once indulged; but now his animosity returned with double force, and he dreaded to hear his name spoken, lest it should be accompanied with ill tidings.

It was at this unlucky time that a letter arrived from his uncle Herbert, announcing the approaching marriage of Eveline and young Herbert. The writer thought it his duty to announce the news to her father, but merely as a matter of form, not dreaming that he would object to so favorable an alliance for his daughter.

Words cannot express Mr. Arrington's feelings on perusing this letter; but when the first emotions of rage and annoyance were over, he wrote an answer little in accordance with their expectations. He insisted on all such ideas being immediately given up, on pain of the instant removal of his daughter; and gave more than sufficient reason to delay the marriage in the coarse terms in which he spoke of the young man. To his daughter he wrote a fierce, angry denunciation of her wilful and presumptuous intention, threatening to instantly take her from those who, he said, were teaching her to forget her parent, and act in disobedience to his wishes.

To the young couple, these letters brought sadness and sorrow; but Herbert tried the effect of an appeal to his feelings, and also reminded him of the promise given at the time the girls came under his charge. But remonstrances and appeals were alike vain, and Herbert and Eveline were obliged to give up all bright prospects for the present, trusting to him to make some favorable change in their affairs.

It was about this time, and only a few days after receiving his nephew's letter, that Philip Arrington, the old and tottering man, the woman hater, the miser, gave up all his lifetime resolutions, and married. In some law suit he had accidentally become acquainted with a widow lady, by the name of Brown. It happened that Mrs. Brown's evidence was of great use to the old lawyer, and he had several times called at her house. During these visits he had been struck with the beauty of Mrs. Brown's young daughter; all his prejudices melted away, and he made her an offer of his hand. It was of course refused, and then the old man commenced a series of attacks on the widow's property that at last left her dependent on him for a home. He had calculated well on the success of his manœuvres, and when the alternative came, that the widow should leave her home, or Maria become his wife, he was not surprised that the tender, loving girl should sacrifice herself for her mother's sake.

They were married very privately, and few even of his most intimate acquaintances were aware of the fact. Her mother was suffered to remain in her home, with a very trifling sum to maintain her; and the old miser's establishment was the same as ever, save that a sweet, sunny face, and a graceful figure, flitted through the old dark rooms like a prisoned angel. The old housekeeper, jealous of the young wife, strove to render her lot as uncomfortable as possible; and the poor girl was often inclined to think that better had she braved the worst, and supported her mother with her labor, than thus have doomed herself to certain misery. Of course, Philip did not inform his brother and nephew of this change in his affairs, wishing to avoid all comments on his inconsistency, and also to give them an unpleasant surprise, should it be possible to maintain the secret until his death.

Not satisfied with the prohibition he had given to his daughter's marriage, John Arrington paid a visit to his long neglected children, and had the happiness of finding that his cousin, disappointed of obtaining Eveline's hand, was on the eve of a journey to the continent. He was astonished at the improvement a few years had made in his children, and much struck with the loveliness of Grace, who was a very little girl when he last saw her. Instead of a pale, sickly looking child, he beheld a beautiful young girl, whose slender form and happy, childlike movements filled him with admiration. He watched her attentively as she flitted through the room, now hastening to perform some kind office for her she called mother, and anon flying to the side of her adopted father to bespeak his sympathy for some destitute protege of her own. The father's heart swelled with bitter feelings as he witnessed the marks of affection his children bestowed on others, and reflected that all this love he had flung away.

It was impossible for Eveline to disguise her sorrow at the approaching departure of young Herbert, and equally impossible for her to receive her father with even a show of fondness, while suffering from his cruel caprice. The tearful eyes and pale cheeks of the sorrowful girl more than once inclined him to revoke his unjust commands, but the thought of another ever taking the place of his darling son, quickly drove such relentings from his heart.

Mr. Arrington returned home; Herbert and Eveline parted with their troth-plight unbroken, and their faith unchanged; and Grace was obliged to comfort her dear friends for the loss of their son, and cheer her sister with hopes of better days. All unconscious of the passion so fatal to Eveline's peace, she felt the deepest compassion for her misery, and viewed with sad surprise the crushing grief that at times overwhelmed her. She could understand her aunt's quiet sadness, and her uncle's reveries, and knew how to cheer the one and to dissipate the other; but her sister's passionate distress frightened her, and she mentally resolved to shun the dangers of love. She could not imagine that any stranger would ever usurp the place now occupied in her heart by her adopted parents, or that any home would ever seem so pleasant as the one where her happy young years had been spent. To her, the deceitful passion, with all its train of hopes and fears, and sentimental longings, and mysterious sympathies, was a sealed book, and she felt little inclination to penetrate the hidden secret.

Eveline and Grace Arrington were as unlike in their dispositions as in looks, and few would have thought they were so near a relationship to each other, to judge by the difference in all their thoughts, habits and actions.

Eveline was like her father—a tall, stately figure, perfect features, and at times a proudly flashing eye, gave an idea of haughtiness rather repelling on a first acquaintance; but she possessed rare virtues, and, thanks to the careful training of her youth, her faults were few and not conspicuous. From earliest childhood she had loved her cousin, and been beloved in return; and having no inducement to flirt with others, it was for Herbert, and for him alone, that the dark eyes sent forth joyous flashes, the raven tresses were disposed in the most bewitching manner, and the most becoming robes were donned. To others, Eveline was coldly polite, or proudly indifferent; and, when displeased, could speak sharp cutting words, too bitter to be easily forgotten or forgiven. It was this peculiarity that had caused her to be more feared than loved by those on whom she did not condescend to bestow her affection; but Herbert and Grace had no cause to complain of lack of kindness; on them she bestowed an intensity of love, and they seemed to occupy her whole heart.

"But far different was the disposition of the lovely Grace. Too kind and tender to inflict pain herself, she invariably sought to heal the wounds her sister caused, and rarely failed in administering a balm for injured feelings; for who could stand the bewitching eloquence of one so good, so beautiful, and so full of sympathy for all trouble? Little wonder was it then, that with her attractions, Grace Arrington was the object of numerous attentions, or that her adopted parents at times feared that another would soon rob them of their pet daughter. But Grace received the offerings to her charms with the most childish simplicity, and would gaily repeat to her mother the fine compliments bestowed on her by her *friends*, as she indiscriminately termed her acquaintances of both sexes. If jested with on the score of her lovers, she would shake back her bright curls, and with a merry light in her blue eyes, and her lips wreathed in smiles, deny the charge, again and again declaring that she knew not the meaning of the word *love*.

"Why, Grace!" her mother would exclaim, "what a little deceiver you must be!" while the father would look up from his reading with a look of pretended reproach on his countenance.

"O, mama! I don't mean that," Grace would exclaim, putting her arms fondly round her neck; "but that love that makes people sigh and weep, and look pale." And she would glance across the room at her sister, who, lost in a reverie, was unconscious of the conversation.

But Grace was to see the day when she also should "sigh and weep, and look pale;" when she should learn the difference between love, the master passion, and that fond affection she bore to her relations.

Soon after Herbert's departure, their list of visitors had been increased by the arrival at home of a Major Bradford, a distant cousin of the Arrington family, and an old school ch
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As the major's regiment was quartered not far from his cousin's home, he soon formed the habit of spending a portion of each day in the society of the beautiful young girls who adorned it; and they, in return, were pleased with a friend who united the many agreeable and interesting qualities of their new acquaintance.

Major Bradford was handsome, rich, and fifty-one. In early life he had formed one or two attachments, but his peculiar life had prevented his ever becoming very deeply attached to any lady. As he advanced in life he gave up all thought of forming an alliance, and though many would have rejoiced in being the choice of the handsome major, he contented himself with a uniform friendliness of manner to all ladies.

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Mrs. Arrington and Eveline were going out one morning to pay some visits, and after vainly coaxing Grace (who pleaded a headache) to accompany them, insisted on her resting in her darkened room until their return; but scarcely were they out of sight, when she rose from her couch, and proceeded to arrange her hair and dress with unusual pains. She then descended to the parlor, and seating herself at the instrument, commenced practising a beautiful and difficult piece of music, lent to her by the major.

She had succeeded in conquering the difficulties, and was playing with animation and spirit, when startled by the sound of a step she looked round, and the major was beside her. With a start and a blush she half rose from her seat, but recovering herself welcomed him, began to talk about the music, and requested him to explain some parts that still puzzled her a little. The conversation soon became animated, and she forgot her first awkwardness at having to receive him alone. The major strove to be entertaining, the more as he saw how happy his young companion was in his society; and after prolonging his stay to an unusual length, took his leave, with the conviction, that of all charming young women, Grace was the most bewitching.

That night, long after Eveline had slumbered, did Grace sit at her window and muse on the events of the day; and at the same hour the major was alone in his room, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly on the fire burning cheerily in the grate. And as he gazed, a golden-haired vision seemed to rise at his side, and loving blue eyes were turned inquiringly to his own; and he again heard a sweet voice ask gentle questions, and again watched little white hands and slender fingers fly over the keys.

"What folly!" exclaimed the major, hastily rising. "Such a mere child, and at my time of life, too!" And he sought to banish his musings in slumber; but again he saw that bright vision, heard that sweet voice, and again felt the touch of those soft hands. With the morning came recollection and resolution, and he again said, "What folly!"

It was almost a year after Philip Arrington had written his nephew the letter mentioned before, when the news came that the old man was dead—news only too welcome to the expectant nephew and his son. As the brother and nephew were requested to attend the funeral ceremony, and be present at the reading of the will, they lost no time in journeying into B—shire, and arrived in time to join the few mourners that attended the old miser to his last resting place.

On returning to his late home, an elderly gentleman—a lawyer, and an intimate acquaintance of the deceased—produced the will and proceeded to break the seals. Ere he opened it, however, he looked round on the group of anxious faces, and with a grim smile, said "he supposed all present were familiar with the intentions of the deceased in relation to the disposal of his fortune?" Murmurs of "yes" sounded through the room, and John Arrington drew a long breath, as if oppressed with some evil foreboding. The old lawyer then proceeded to read the will, which was very brief, merely mentioning small legacies to his brother and his son; and his nephew, John Arrington and his son; and bequeathing the bulk of his fortune to the "youngest of the name of Arrington." When it was finished, the old man carefully folded up the parchment, and interrupting the congratulations all present were showering on young Philip, who stood proudly beside his father, he gravely asked them if they would like to see the heir.

Each one looked at the other in astonishment; but John Arrington exclaimed in despairing accents, "By heavens! I knew there was some treachery!" and sank, pale and fainting, into a chair, while every eye was turned to the opening door, and beheld with wonder the entrance of a fair and delicate looking girl, bearing an infant in her arms.

The truth soon flashed on every one present. The old man had married, intending to disappoint the hopes of his relations by leaving his property to his wife; but Providence had sent him a little son, who of course became the heir. Shortly after the child's birth, death called the old man away.

To John Arrington this unexpected shock proved fatal; he barely lived to reach his home; but while speech and reason lasted, he ceased not to impress on his uncle his wishes respecting his children. After the father's death, Herbert was speedily summoned home, the prohibition to his alliance with Eveline having been removed, and with joyful haste obeyed the welcome mandate; and on his arrival preparations were made for a speedy celebration of their marriage.

The clouds were removed from the brow of the young betrothed; but as her sister grew happier, so did Grace lose her gaiety, and at length excited the serious fears of her friends by her altered looks. But since that happy day, when she had received Major Bradford alone, poor Grace had suffered all the misery of uncertainty and disappointment, arising from the strange alteration in her friend's manner, and the unusual coolness with which he treated her. He no longer appeared to take any interest in her music, no longer offered to accompany her in her visits of charity to the neighboring cottages, and so seldom addressed her in conversation that she at last ceased to address him, and a coldness gradually grew up between them. In vain she tried to recollect some word or act of hers that might have given offence; in vain she strove to banish him from her mind; and all unused to care and anxiety, she daily grew paler and more sorrowful.

It was now that the young man, before alluded to, solicited Mr. Arrington's permission for the honor of his daughter's hand, but at the same time acknowledged he had not received very flattering encouragement from the lady. Pleased with this opportunity of discovering her sentiments, Mr. Arrington volunteered to plead his cause with Grace, and dismissed the young gentleman with a heart full of hope. He kept his word, and used every argument to induce her to listen favorably to his suit, but without success, and she at last reproached him with wishing to get rid of her.

"My child, that is not like yourself," was his gentle answer. "You know I only study your happiness, and I think it can be best promoted by a union with one so worthy in every respect as this young man. But I will urge you no more, and only ask if there is any hope that you may change your mind?"

"No—never! Give him no reason to think I can ever look favorably on his suit, for that is impossible."

"Grace, my poor child, there is some mystery here; and you could not speak so decidedly were you not aware that another possessed your heart. Why will you not place confidence in my age and experience, and let me know the secret of all your sorrow?"

"I will tell all, father," the young girl passionately exclaimed. "I do love another; but he knows it not, and my love is not returned."

That evening Major Bradford announced his intention of soon leaving England. "He had lived so long abroad that his native land had become distasteful to him."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when Grace, who had been seated beside her father, leaned against his shoulder, and with a low moan fainted away. The heat of the room had overpowered her, they all said; but as Mr. Arrington bore her to her chamber, he knew differently, and in his own mind resolved to make an effort to save her from despair.

That night, when the major left, his friend accompanied him, and with all due regard for Grace's delicacy, made known his suspicions. Words cannot describe the delight of Major Bradford at this unlooked-for happiness, and he even feared to indulge in the hope that it was true, lest disappointment should be his lot.

"I cannot realize it yet," he said to his friend at parting, "after struggling so long with feelings that I imagined were hopeless, to hear that it was my own blindness that hindered my happiness."

There was soon a great improvement in the health and spirits of Grace Arrington. Blessed by the return of affection, she resumed her accustomed gaiety, spreading light and happiness around her.

Major Bradford was devoted in his attentions to his young betrothed; and if at times a fear crossed his mind when he remembered the disparity of their ages, the consciousness of possessing her innocent and confiding heart banished his vague uneasiness. He gratified her by taking all possible interest in the bridal preparations, and not even young Herbert could play the lover with a better grace than did the accomplished major, whose tenderness kept a perpetual watch over the happiness of his bride.

At last there was a double wedding in Mr. Arrington's beautiful parlor, and the house was filled with gay guests; and Mrs. Arrington vainly tried to keep back her tears, as she listened to the words that gave her darling to another. And while the parting came, and Mr. Arrington took the young girl in his arms, and invoking a blessing on her head, gave her to her husband, who led her to the carriage, and in a few moments she was whirled away from the dear scenes of her youth.

But Major Bradford had provided a splendid home for his lovely young bride, and Grace found herself surrounded with all the luxuries that wealth can procure, and which his long residence abroad had rendered necessary to her husband's comfort.

Herbert and Eveline made their home with their parents, and the old couple lived long to enjoy the happiness of their children, and died surrounded by them and their grand-children. Philip Arrington's young widow was rewarded for her self-sacrifice by having a comfortable home to give her mother in her old age; and a few years after that painful period in her life, married a highly respectable man, and had the happiness of seeing her son grow up a very different character from his father. John Arrington's son, after the death of his father, refused to own his relations, and went to London. Here he lived a short life of dissipation, and died in solitary poverty ere he reached twenty years.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SHE NEVER WILL SAY THAT SHE DON'T!

BY "JAMES" OF LYNCHBURG.

She never has said that she loved me,
Yet I often have thought I did spy
Some sweet little dewy emotion
Beam on me from out her blue eye:
But still, if I ask her to love me,
She coquettely says, "Well—I wont!"
And yet if I beg her "Be serious,"
She never will say that she don't!

I have thought, too, in some foolish moments,
When my brain and my heart were both one,
That her smile was the least bit the sweeter,
When on me like a sunbeam it shone;
And I've caught her, at least once, I'm certain,
Gaze on me more steadfast than wont,
And yet the wont promise to love me—
But, never will say that she don't.

'Tis a pickle I'm in, now that's certain—
Do I love her? O ask if the flower
Which turns to the sunbeam of morning,
Loves warmth in that beauteous hour!
And I pray, as my life-hope is drinking
Its future from love's dewy font,
That my Mary, whenever she answers,
She never will say that she don't!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MISS LINSCOMBE'S APPRENTICES.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

"Don't fail me, Miss Linscombe," said a loud, imperious voice, as the speaker turned towards the door of Miss Linscombe, the fashionable dress-maker at Salisbury. "Don't fail me; if you do, I will never bring a dress to this establishment again."

"Depend on me, Miss Campbell. Nothing shall prevent you from having it."

"There is a great deal depending on the success of this dress," said a young lady who accompanied Miss Campbell; "for which you will be held personally responsible."

Miss Linscombe laughed a little, weak laugh, as if she wanted to appear to understand the young lady's meaning, but could not.

She reiterated her promise and the visitors departed. Miss Linscombe's plausible and polite manner departed, too, for her next words were harsh and severe.

"Miss Butler," she called out to a young woman who was just tying on her bonnet to go to her dinner, "be back without fail, in twenty-five minutes. That is all the time I can spare you to-day. Immediately on your return you will put on these flounces; and I beg you will spend no idle time. Miss Campbell's dress must be sent home at half-past five o'clock, precisely. Any delay on your part, I shall highly resent."

The girl made no answer, but sighed heavily. She had already staid at the workroom nearly the whole of two nights, and it had taxed her feeble frame too much. She was languid, weak, dispirited.

She went home to her miserable boarding-house, sat down to an unwholesome, half-cooked meal, and hastened back to her task. Other charges were given her respecting Miss Campbell's dress, but they fell upon deaf ears, for on her way back she had seen Harry Seaton, and he had asked her to go to the theatre with him that evening. It had changed the whole current of her life at once; that life, which, in the morning had seemed so utterly without sunshine. Miss Linscombe's dull, dreary room, with its hangings of red, blue and green dress-patterns, suspended on lines stretched across from window to window; the shabby court which it overlooked, and the bits of cloth and linings, which lay scattered round, making it look like Rag Fair; all looked duller and drearier, and shabbier when she returned, than it ever had done before. There was another scene, into which her imagination was fast entering. Already, she saw the lights, the fine dresses, and the beautiful scenery, and nodded her head to imaginary music.

"Not that way, Miss Butler!" screamed out Miss Linscombe, with a very red face, and a look which seemed expressly invented by nature, for a head mantua-maker; "stitch it after this fashion," and Miss Butler unpicked her work, and began again with as little success as before. Miss Linscombe grew angry. She retaliated upon the girl, all the harsh and unlady-like things which Miss Campbell had said to her, while trying on the rich dress that morning; the memory of which rankled in her heart. Strange, that such things do not teach sofiness and charity to others!

Miss Linscombe's sharp voice did not affect Jane Butler as it usually did. She was away in an ideal world of her own, of which Harry Seaton was the figure in the fore ground, and the stage people in the back. She was listlessly picking at the garment, when one of her companions touched her arm.

"Jane," said she, "mind what you are doing, or you will be ruined. Miss Linscombe's eye is upon you."

The girl started, and thanked her with a look, while she drew her work nearer, and tried to put more interest into her manner. She could do so as long as Miss Carter kept talking, but when she ceased, Jane went back to her mimic world.

Miss Linscombe went out, and Miss Carter offered to help her, but Jane would not permit a friend to get into disgrace for her sake, so she hurried her flounces on, in a way highly discreditable to her usual neat work. Everything seemed to conspire against the dress being finished. Needles broke, silk twisted and knotted, and the bias edge of the flounce drew, and was tortured back again into something like regularity; and before all was straight again, four o'clock struck! An hour and a half to finish what was scarcely begun, and the thought of Miss Linscombe's face when she should come in, and find it unfinished! Jane grew nervous, in spite of the stage floor that was before her eyes. Fire! and Miss Linscombe came in, with a face pale with rage, when she saw the small progress Jane had made.

"Hand it over to Miss Carter," she said, "and do you take those skirts and finish them for the Misses Stearns."

Three skirts! Jane knew that the three would occupy her until nine or ten o'clock, and so did her employer, who had determined to punish her. Miss Carter took the work, and her more experienced hands performed it, but not until six. She, too, received a rebuff, which Jane wept over, although she had not done so for her own.

Harry had promised to call for her at seven. It was nearly that, and she had not yet dressed. She was desperate. "Miss Linscombe," she said, "cannot I be excused for this one evening? I promise to do better in future, if you will kindly let me off now. It is so very, very important for me to be at home now," looking at the clock which pointed to nearly seven. Miss Carter joined in the request, offering to stay and work for her; and so did a large, indolent-looking girl, whose work Jane had one day finished for her.

No, Miss Linscombe was obdurate, although the girls all showed themselves indignant at her refusal. But fortune sometimes favors us when we least expect it, and so it now did Jane. Across the wide entry which ran between the rooms, there was a door exactly opposite Miss Linscombe's apartment, from which often issued the dulcet tones of a flute. Sometimes the door was open, and at such times, Miss Linscombe, with an air of offended delicacy, would charge her young ladies not to look across. They sometimes wondered why she herself lingered so long in the hall, after they had heard her well known footstep on the stairs; but up to this time, none of them had seen the flute-player except Miss Carter. What was their surprise, as well as Miss Linscombe's, to see him enter, flute in hand, and addressing himself to the "principal," request to give her and the other ladies a little music.

Jane's tearful eyes at this moment caught the glance of her employer, and she looked so beautiful through her tears, and Miss Carter so sympathizing, that she said in her blandest tones, "Young ladies, Miss Carter and Miss Butler have leave to go now," and turned to the gentleman once more, begging him to be seated, and expressing her delight in the music which they had already heard and admired. Miss Linscombe absolutely forgot that Miss Campbell's dress was not yet carried away, until Miss Carter offered to take it home.

"True," said she, with one of her little laughs, "it was engaged at half-past five; but really, she knew that it was impossible, and so did I."

Jane's cheek crimsoned with anger, for she well knew that she could easily have performed the work, had she not been so hurried and excited. She thought it would have been more honest in Miss Linscombe, to say so at once. That lady seemed now as eager to get rid of her two work-women, as she had been to detain them; but that was before Mr. Walker's entrance. On his part, he looked disappointed, when Maria Carter turned to leave the room; but he could not retreat from his own offer, to play for Miss Linscombe.

As the girls emerged from the close, hot room, where, with less than a half hour's respite, they had remained since seven in the morning, both gave a long sigh of relief. They parted, and Jane fairly ran home, which she reached at the same moment in which Harry rung the bell.

"One moment, Harry," she began, and then thinking of Miss Linscombe's promises, which she had just been condemning, "no, fifteen minutes, and I will be ready."

She came down at the appointed moment, and Harry, who thought her pretty before, was startled at her beauty now.

Her soft, silky hair was drawn up in a large knot at the back of the head, and disposed in large bands at the sides; showing the truly elegant form of her head. A single scarlet geranium was fastened in her braids. Her dress was simple, but beautifully made; and her gloves, fan and handkerchief were all of a kind denoting taste in the wearer, yet indicative of simplicity, and even of economy in the materials.

She was gratified by Harry's evident admiration; and her happiness was untouched by any thought of her afternoon's vexation. Miss Linscombe and her room faded into nothing, as she entered the brilliant scene; nor did she think of them again, until she looked up and met the curious, prying eyes of Miss Campbell, and heard her loud and disagreeable voice, evidently talking of her and Harry. The lady's companion, an inferior looking man, whom she kept calling "Cousin James," lifted his lorgnette in the direction to which she pointed, and after a long stare, he whispered long and loud, in words, where Jane distinctly heard her own name, in connection with "my dress-maker's girl."

Miss Campbell wore the new dress. She was dressed, therefore, magnificently; and the jewels which she displayed were rich and costly. Her hair was profusely decorated, and she sported a fan, bouquet-holder and handkerchief, that would have purchased a small house. She annoyed Jane so much by her close observation of her, that she begged Harry to move a little, where she could hide herself from her view. In vain; that great, unwinking eye found her out, wherever she moved; and Harry told her not to mind it. How could she help it, when she knew that she would acquaint Miss Linscombe, the following day, with the story of one of her girls presuming to go to the theatre? Jane had heard those things talked of too often in the workroom, not to dread it for herself. She could not give herself up to the play, as she wished. Moreover, Miss Campbell seemed to see that she spoiled her pleasure, and to rejoice in so doing.

It was all too true. Miss Campbell had marked her prey, and she was determined to hunt it to the death. She had known Harry Seaton from his childhood—nay, she had spurned his offered love, because she aspired to a richer suitor, who, in turn, spurned hers. Then she tried to lure Harry back again; but he would not be so lured; and from that hour, she had declared war against whoever she might be, that should win his heart.

That she should live to give place to a dress-maker's apprentice! She hadn't dreamed of this; and the very dress which Jane had been so unhappy about, was the one in which Miss Campbell was intending to re capture her lost lover. She happened to know that he was to be at the theatre this evening, by means of the young lady who had accompanied her to Miss Linscombe's, and whose brother, James Hartley, was the "Cousin James," who attended on her and his sister thither.

Miss Hartley was one of those hangers on so well described by the name of toady, to Miss Campbell, whom she praised and flattered in a way that any honest person would have scorned. But Cornelia Campbell was bred in the atmosphere of flattery, and she thrived and grew by what she was fed on.

She had, long ago, repented of her folly in giving up Harry Seaton. Her beauty had entangled his boyish heart, and her evident love for him had, for awhile, riveted the chain; but his eyes were soon opened, and he saw her as she truly was—a vain, weak, unprincipled woman, who would sacrifice hearts for a mere show; and in whose word he had not one spark of faith, since she had perjured herself to him for the hope of a new love.

Thence Harry resolved never to become enchained again by one of her set. He would seek a wife among the virtuous and industrious classes. He met Jane Butler, a few days afterwards, as she was carrying home a dress to his sister, was captivated at once, by the sweetness of her face, and the modest dignity of her manner; and, with the perfect approbation of his sister, who despised Cornelia Campbell's duplicity towards her favorite brother, he offered, and was accepted. The few weeks that remained of Jane's engagement with Miss Linscombe, she chose to fulfil; and to save the annoyance of having it talked of in the workroom, it was agreed to keep it private, until she should leave it.

Could Cornelia Campbell have known this, she would have been furious. Her worst suspicions did not point to an engagement; and Jane, who divined her scornful manner, guessed but too well that to-morrow, the affair would be discussed before Miss Linscombe and the others. She shrank painfully from such an exposure of her affairs; and Harry's eloquence was long exerted before he could calm her fears. He suggested that his sister should spend several hours at Miss Linscombe's room the next day, in order to shield Jane from what she so much dreaded; offered to face the arch enemy, as he called Miss Campbell, and stand guard over Jane himself.

They needed not to plan; for before breakfast the next morning, Jane received the following note from Miss Linscombe:

"Miss Butler:—I am informed by a friend, whom I can perfectly trust, that you were at the theatre, last evening, with a gentleman of so much higher position in society than yourself, that there can be but one construction put on the affair. I need not say, after this, that it will not be pleasant for us to meet again. I shall not expect you at my rooms, either to-day, or at any other time.

F. Linscombe."

"There," said Miss Linscombe, "I trust that matter is settled."

"To my satisfaction it is," said Miss Campbell, who had watched the operation. "She will not be bold enough to cross our paths again, I think. By the way, how is your Mr. Walker, who plays the flute so well?"

Miss Linscombe blushed and fidgeted. Cornelia Campbell was not, surely, going to interfere with her Mr. Walker. She took a look around her room to see if the door were shut, and catching a glance at the vacant chair, which was usually occupied by Maria Carter, she suddenly asked where she was. The large, indolent girl whom we noticed before, answered, without the least perceptible change of countenance, "She is gone to be married, ma'am."

"Married! heavens, to whom?"

"To our neighbor, Mr. Walker."

Miss Linscombe's face would have made a study for a painter, at that moment. She had really thought that Mr. Walker was partial to herself; and her astonishment and indignation were inexpressible. Jane had been prevailed on to pass the night with Harry's sister, and had left word at her boarding-house, that she should do so; therefore Miss Linscombe's note had been sent directly to her, by her landlady. She was somewhat frightened when she read it, but Harry and his sister soon comforted her, by offering to settle the matter with Miss Linscombe and all the rest of the world. That evening Miss Linscombe's young ladies received cards from "Mr. and Mrs. Harry Seaton," with Jane Butler's name in the corner. A few hours previous, they had received similar ones from "Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Walker."

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LIFE—THE TRUTH—THE WAY.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Thou! who unseen didst guide my youth,
In pleasant paths of wholesome truth—
And when I turned away
Rebellious—to the world—to find
Food for a discontented mind—
And e'en forgot to pray—

Preserver! thou who ne'er forsook
Me in my wandering ways—nor took
Just vengeance on me then—
O hear the prayer I raise to thee!
And even now forget not me—
O guide me forth again.

Forgive my base ingratitude,
O thou most mighty—thou most good—
Bear with me once again.
A wicked, fearful child of clay,
I at thy feet most humbly lay
The talent thou hast given.

All unimproved, debased it lies,
Too wretched for thy sinless eyes—
I with a broken heart
Come—for I've nowhere else to go—
Earth's brightest visions end in woe—
E'en pleasure hath a smart.

At the 'seventh hour I come to thee—
O Father, cast me not away—
Sick—heavy—faint—I come;
Through all my life thou'st watched o'er me;
But blind, I knew not that 'twas thee—
O Saviour, take me home!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE THREE PICTURES.

BY AGNES BOND.

"BEAUTIFUL! charming! so expressive and lifelike!" were the words which came from a group of people surrounding two newly-hung pictures in the exhibition-room at B——. "How much it resembles some face that I know," said one. "Yes, that sweet smile seems so familiar, and yet I cannot recall it," said another. "And I wonder who is the artist, and whether they are portraits," said an elderly gentleman as turning to the catalogue, he read: "61 and 62, Fancy Sketches, by Claude Huntington." Only one of the party, a lady, was silent; but eagerly she gazed upon the pictures, as though unmindful of those about her.

The paintings were small, but most exquisitely touched and finished. The first represented a little girl of some seven or eight summers, with bare feet wading a small stream, but midway she had paused as if from fear. What a vision of childish beauty she was, as she stood there! the sunny smile on her sweet young face, the blue eyes just filling with tears, while golden curls fell on her neck in careless grace. About her neck and twined among her curls, were wreaths of blue violets, her frock was looped up with bouquets of them, while from one arm hung her straw cottage hat filled with the same delicate blossoms. She was looking up so entreatingly to the fine face of a boy, a few years older, standing opposite, while the rosy lips seemed to say "come help me." The boy, too, had an interesting face; one could read upon it of great and conscious powers, of deep devoted love for the beautiful and true, as he reached forth his hands to the timid child. A summer sun was shining down upon them, making each water drop in the little stream gleam and glisten like silver, and the robins sung in the old oak-tree that bent its branches protectingly above them.

The other was a companion to it. The same laughing streamlet wound its way along, the old trees rose as proudly as before, while on a mossy bank beneath them reclined a young girl and a youth. The maiden had the same smile that danced about the child's face. The liquid eyes beamed now with the light of love, and in the whole expression there was such a look of purity and goodness as an angel might have worn. The curls that clustered round the open brow were encircled with a wreath of violets, and as she bent her eyes beneath the eager look of the youth, she had scattered them about her on the bank. The youth, too, had the noble features of the boy—the tender, loving expression, the open, confiding look, which stowed him at once affectionate and brave. The maiden seemed to listen so trustingly and confidingly, and the youth gazed on her so fondly, as he poured into her ear the dreams and aspirations of his heart, that one could see that the future seemed fresh and fair before them. Life was just opening, in beauty and light, the pages of its wondrous book to those young hearts.

Such were the pictures. The lady who gazed on them so intently was past the first dawn of youth, delicately formed, and moving with such an air of unconscious grace, yet regally as a queen might move, that one passing would irresistibly pause to watch her movements. Still, it was the face that most of all would have attracted one; there was such a winning sweetness about it, at times almost amounting to sadness, the large eyes betokened such a capacity of feeling and suffering, while the smile that played around the lips seemed like a ray of sunshine lighting up the other features, and giving the whole expression such a pure, forgiving look, as to make it a face to be remembered for a lifetime.

Tears stood in the lady's eyes, and a bright glow on her cheeks showed that the pictures had awakened some sleeping memory, when one of the party, a lady, said gaily:

"Why, Florence, you haven't said a word about the paintings, and you are usually so enthusiastic and discerning!"

"Fie upon you. Your friend Florence," rejoined the lady's father, "has perhaps been so accustomed to the superior merits of the old world artists, that she cannot bring down her mind to anything so simple as these. But I've been thinking these pictures must be by the young artist who has just returned, after a long residence in Europe. He is said to be a young man of talent and genius—assuredly so, if these are a specimen."

"O yes, papa, it's the same gentleman to whom old Madame Huntington willed her immense property, on condition that he should take the family name. How curious the girls will all be to see him. I remember, now, they said he was an artist."

So they chatted gaily as they passed along, but Florence was as one in a dream. She was again a child, crowned with violets, forging the stream and reaching forth her arms to one who seemed then powerful to save. She was sitting on that bank beside the dear one who was to cherish and protect. The neglect, and trials, and fears, which years had brought, were swept away by the sight of those pictures, for she knew they were no fancy sketches, but portrayed real scenes in her life. She knew, too, who the artist must have been—the lover of her youth, between whom and herself coldness and unexplained differences had sprung up, and for years they had no knowledge of each other. As they opened the door to go out, she went mechanically, and two gentlemen passed in. One bowed to the party, the other gazed upon Florence like one spell bound. They were the artist, Claude Huntington, and his friend, Fred Grey, but Florence saw them not; she was breathing the soft fragrance of violets, and heard a voice calling her, "Violet, Violet!"

As they descended to the street, she declined all invitations to dine with her friends, saying she must be alone then.

"How strangely Florence appears to-day!" said the gay Clara Seymour; "not even a word of praise called forth by her favorite pictures. I can't account for her abstractedness!"

"Your friend is probably capricious, as you women all are," rejoined her father.

"O, papa, you're out there, for Florence is entirely free from all caprice. I think she must be anxious about her appearance to-morrow night; but then I know she will not fail, dear girl! She has had some deep sorrow, I am certain, though she bears everything so bravely! If I were only in her place, such a magnificent singer, so caressed and admired with her face and figure, how I should triumph over all you common minds!" said Clara, laughingly.

"Most fortunate for us, you are lacking in all these things!" said a companion.

Claude Huntington and his friend Frederick Grey entered the gallery.

"O, what a lucky fellow you are!" exclaimed Fred; "genius will certainly find its reward. See what a group of connoisseurs are gathered about your pictures! I must rush up to them and tell them the artist is present, and would be grateful for their patronage. How fortunate I persuaded you to send them in. By the way, you said there was a history connected with them, and you would tell it me some day. Some love experience, eh?"

"You are just the same light-hearted fellow, Fred, as ever. How often I've wished for some of your buoyancy of spirits! But tell me, I beseech you, who was that lady we passed on coming in? That face haunts me like one I knew and loved years ago, and yet it cannot be!"

"Now don't go into raptures with that face, though to be sure it's no wonder that you, with your passionate love for the beautiful, should admire and worship such glorious beauty as hers. The lady is Mademoiselle Florence, as she is called, the great prima donna whom half the men in town are raving about. But it's utterly useless to make love to her, for she treats all her admirers in the same way, with politeness and respect—a poor return, they think, for their mad worship. Not much is known of her previous history. She has been for some time in Europe studying music under the best masters. She is said to have a handsome fortune, and is quite alone in the world, having no near relatives. The Seymours, who see her more than any one else, say that their acquaintance is just renewed, they first having met her while in Europe, some years since. But to-morrow night you will have an opportunity to see her radiant beauty in its true light. She is to make her last appearance in a new opera which is said to be admirably calculated to bring out her wonderful powers of voice and manner. You'll accompany me, wont you? It will be a fine chance for you to see the elite, and also to be seen by anxious mothers and designing maidens as the unmarried heir of a hundred thousand."

So the gentleman rattled on, unmindful of the continued silence of his companion, or the deep look of anxious sadness that had crossed his face.

It was a gala night. Crowds of people were thronging the street leading to the opera-house. Lines of carriages drew up before the door, depositing the beauty and fashion of the city. Stately dames, gay matrons and lovely girls in their first season, cold, cautious business men, men of the world, the dashing representatives of Young America, were all there to do homage to the talent and beauty of one who was to stand before them for the last time. How brilliantly shone that fair assemblage beneath the glaring gaslight! How the jewels flashed and sparkled, flowers filled the air with their odorous incense, while lace and satin velvet and blonde were folded over sad and joyous hearts!

Claude Huntington and his friend were there. The latter seemed as gaily talkative as before, but the artist had such a look of anxiety on his face, that one could see that he was hoping for the unravelling of some mystery or secret trouble. The curtain rose, and the prima donna stood before them, more radiantly beautiful than ever she had seemed before, like the realization of some poet's dream, or a statue endowed with life, rather than a living woman. She fawned that queenly head, and for a moment cast her eyes almost timidly about her, while loud and ringing applause greeted her. Then from those parted lips came forth such sweet tones, as to bush to quietness all sound besides. All listened in breathless admiration to that silvery voice, rising at times in such thrilling tones, then falling in winning, trembling cadences, lifting, it seemed, the one who uttered them and those who listened, above themselves and the present. It was wonderful, the hushed adoration with which all listened! None thought now of the jewels that flashed on her neck, arms and brow, or the delicate satin that rose and fell at every gush of that birdlike voice, or the spirit-like beauty of face and form; but, as if it were a voice from another sphere, they so entranced. More wonderful was the revelation of such wondrous and enchanting power, such a rare gift in the melody of a woman's voice!

She ended. What bursts of applause! what shouts of admiration! Bouquets, wreaths, diamonds, gems, were showered upon the stage—the tribute of all ranks to genius and beauty.

Claude Huntington had seen her; he had drank in every tone of her voice, which seemed like a dream of his youth, when his friend came to his speech, and said:

"Didn't I tell you she was divine?"

"Such a voice! such an air!" he replied. "I knew it must be Violet; no other face could affect me like that."

"Ah, then you know her?" said Fred; "how provoking you shouldn't have told me!"

But he was silenced, for again the singer stood before them, in answer to repeated calls. She was radiant before—she was lovely now; the jewels had disappeared, but in their place were violets, blue violets, a wreath of them about her head, the sleeves and skirt of her dress looped up with them, and a bunch of them in one hand.

As she bowed again, and her lips parted with a smile, the applause was louder than before. Her face was pale and almost colorless, but as she cast her eyes over that vast assembly, they rested for a moment on the face of Claude. A crimson glow overspread her face, her heart beat convulsively, the violets dropped from her hand, and she reired.

Again they applauded. Then there was the usual hurrying and crowding, and soon the gay opera house was deserted and silent. None save the artist had noticed the resemblance between the child and maiden of the pictures and the prima donna, as she stood before them crowned with violets; he knew now they were the same. None save the prima donna had noticed the artist's pale, troubled face; she knew it was the lover of her youth.

In a lovely Italian home live the artist Claude Huntington, and Florence his beloved wife. Surrounded by the genial influences of that fair land, its golden sunshine and balmy air, his home adorned with the rare creations of others, and himself known and admired now as a great master, blessed in his domestic relations beyond all he had hoped, he is happy—they both are happy. Theirs is the old story of youthful love and promised devotion, and subsequent estrangement, through the jealous interference of supposed friends. The youth gained fame and honor, and the maiden's rare and noble gifts brought her fawning flattery and adulation. Still, to both came the old love promises and early memories Neither fame nor wealth could satisfy the heart's desire, but after their probation, love brought them again to each other, and crowned them anew.

On the walls of the room in the artist's home hang the two pictures we have mentioned, with a third beside them. This represents a woman in the fullness of her charms, ere time has in the least touched her wondrous loveliness. Beauty glows on her full rounded cheek, the soft symmetry of the limbs seems faultless, there is a loving smile on the lips, and the hair falls in soft rippling waves, while over all the unspeakable glow of happiness is spread, the wife's and mother's love shining beyond mere beauty of face or form. A cherub babe is on her knee, and proudly and lovingly she gazes in the manly face beside her. Some violets, those old and much-loved flowers, are twined about her head, and the little one clasps them in its hands and seems shouting for joy.

Not long ago some old friends came to visit them, no other than Frederick Gray and the gay Clara Seymour, now his wife. When Claude brought them to this room, and showed them these home pictures on the wall, they well remembered them, and Clara clapping her hands, said gaily:

"I see it all now. I know whose sweet smile that was that puzzled us so much in the exhibition-room, and why Florence was so distrait, when papa said she was capricious. I know, now, why she came out crowned with violets at her farewell concert. How strange that with all my discernment, I never discovered all this!"

PRACTICAL COUNSEL.

Amos Lawrence, of Boston, in his Diary and Correspondence, gives the following characteristic counsels: "As the commencement of your journey the difference between going just right or a little wrong, will be the difference between finding yourself in good quarters or the miserable hog or slough at the end of it. Do not cheat yourself by doing what you suspect may be wrong. You are as much accountable to your conscience as you would be to me to use diligence in taking care of a bag of money which I might send by you. Good principles, good temper and good manners will carry a man through the world much better than he can get along with the absence of either. The most important is good principles. Temptation, if successfully resisted, strengthens the character; but it should always be avoided. The moral taste, like the natural, is vitiated by abuse. He whose life ends at thirty may have done much, while he who has reached the age of one hundred may have done little."

NICELY SOLD.

A Liverpool paper, under the head of "Strange Stupidity," tells how a gosling of a gentleman was recently served in one of the banks of that city. He had entered the institution with the intention of depositing £400, one half of which sum was in gold, and the other half in notes. The latter he placed on the counter beside him, and commenced counting the gold, when a bystander touched him on the shoulder and called his attention to the beautiful decorations of the ceiling, and their remarkable effect. The gentleman looked up, in obedience to this kindly suggestion, and having fully admired the artistic effect, looked down again. His feelings underwent a very disagreeable change when he discovered that his notes and his polite friend had both disappeared, nor had the admirer of ornamental architecture or decoration heard a word of either at last dates.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAST OF THE LEATHER BREECHES.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

OLD HARMANUS SCHOOKNHOVER WAS, some twenty years and odd ago, the "oldest inhabitant" of the village—for it was a village, then —of Brooklyn, N. Y.; a genuine old Knickerbocker, faithful to the traditions of the times, and looking down with sovereign contempt on all modern innovations and improvements. He lived in an old wooden house, the gable end of which projected far into Fulton Street, and the dooryard of which was always ornamented, in summer time, with those choicest of acclimated exotics, particolored tulips from Harlaem, and sun flowers from—heaven knows where. Harmanus was generally known as the "Last of the Leather Breeches," from the style of garment that encased his nether limbs. He also wore a broad-skirted, cinnamon-colored coat of homespun manufacture and make, decorated with huge blue glass buttons, a very long waistcoat of black cloth, a white neckcloth, and a huge three-cornered hat trimmed with tarnished gold lace, in the loop of which, when he went abroad, he invariably wore a little clay pipe, with the stem tipped with red sealing-wax. We must not forget his square-toed shoes, large enough for the wear of a gouty alderman, with their huge plated buckles. The rising generation did not regard his attire with that veneration which it inspired in a few relics of the old school, who had not, however, courage enough to imitate his example and resist the modern abominations of dress. They would often laugh in the very face of the sturdy old Knickerbocker,

"His old three-cornered hat,
And his breeches and all that,
Were so queer."

But the old gentleman was queer in other ways than matters of dress. His notions on the currency were queer. He had no faith in banks or in Wall Street speculations. He would sometimes discount short paper with undoubted endorsers, and he owned some real estate; but the bulk of his property consisted in sundry fat little kegs solidly filled with gold and silver, which he kept in his little sitting room up stairs, fronting the street. Then he was queer in other things; he had queer ways of helping poor people anonymously, and absurd notions that charity should begin at home and only expand outwardly in proportion as every necessity within its immediate sphere had been relieved. So that putting all these things together, the good man passed for being a little cracked—and heads with nothing at all in them were gravely shaken, like empty poor-boxes, when his name was mentioned.

The old fellow viewed with annoyance and disgust the changes that took place in his native village. He only smiled when the stages from Patchogue and Babylon and Islip disgorged at Carmann their loads of antiquated figures that looked as if they might have stepped down from the canvasses of a Flemish gallery of the 17th century. He didn't recognize as fellow-creatures men and women attired in the modern Parisian mode.

At length, the wise men of Brooklyn pronounced Schoocnhover's house a nuisance. It was shabby, it was tumble-down, it destroyed the alignment of the street. It must come down. The corporation offered him a handsome price for it. He rejected it with disdain. He was told that he must abandon his mansion—the homestead of his fathers—will ye nill ye. He dared them to violate the sanctity of his castle. He was notified to vacate—he scorned the summons. The whole town became interested in the process.

The old man was a non-resistant, like old Father Adamson. He shut himself up with his money-kegs and doggedly awaited the result. Workmen were sent to pull down the house. The whole vicinity was thronged with curious spectators as at a ship-launch. Merrily rang the axes and hammers and saws, and the "yo-heave-ho!" of sturdy fellows pulling and hauling at cables. At last the end of the house was torn away—shaming the legal fiction that a man's house is his castle—and there sat old Harmanus in his elbow-chair, with his cocked hat on his head, and his immortal leather breeches on his sturdy legs, sublime in his martyrdom, and smoking tranquilly his old clay pipe. His family had been removed to another of his houses. He was invited to join them. But he declined, with a majestic wave of the hand and a graceful emission of tobacco smoke. Then he was lifted carefully, arm-chair and all, carried down the staircase, and deposited on the opposite sidewalk. His goods and chattels were sent to his wife—but even when his money-kegs departed he refused to accompany them, but sat, all through that day, a silent spectator of the utter demolition of his venerable house. At night, he rejoined his family.

The removal of this old landmark marked the merging of one era into another, and had the significance of an historical event. The corporation paid the old man a large sum; but he did not long survive the destruction of his house. His son lives in a marble palace, with gas and water all over the house, and drives a pair of blood horses, but few beyond the family remember, in the heady current of life, the "Last of the Leather Breeches" of New York.

INSURANCE QUIBBLE.

The agent of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company has just returned from England with a flea in his ear. It seems the lost cable was insured in England; but when application was made for the payment of insurance, the company declined on the ground that the cable was exactly where the parties wanted it—at the bottom of the ocean!

These British insurers must have taken a hint from the story of the negro sailor-cook, who approached the captain one morning with an anxious face, and said: "Massa, be anything lost when you knows where 'tis?" "No, you fool," said the captain. "Berry glad to hear it," said Cuffy, "cos our new copper tea-kettle just fall overboard. But 'taint lost, massa, cos we know where 'tis."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Jester's Picnic.

An "Orful Draught."—An old acquaintance of ours in the country indulges in a very exaggerated style of description and illustration in his ordinary conversation. For instance, when describing the effect of an alteration in his kitchen chimney, which he had ordered his mason to make, he said that "before the chimney was altered it drew the wrong way so powerful, that every flock of wild geese that flew over the town for ten years was sucked down into his fire-place, but since the alteration has been made, the draught was so strong, that if he should hook one end of a log-chain in the middle of the kitchen floor, the other end would stand quivering up the chimney."

We heard a critique upon the name Minnehaha for a ship, a day or two ago, by an old sailor, that is worth mentioning. "How do you like the name, Jack?" he was asked, on board the Chelsea ferry boat, as they were passing the ship. "The name's well enough," said he, "but spose that 'ere vessel should be spoke at sea in a gale o' wind. What ship's that?' and the answer would be 'Minnehaha,' the one as spoke her would go right in, and report hailing a ship at sea, and getting for an answer nothing but a horse laugh through a trumpet." Jack thought he had done the business for the name.—*Evening Gazette.*

A party was given lately by an exalted personage, in the Faubourg St. Germain—a regular "crush." So great was the crowd, that bracelets, diamond necklaces, etc., were torn from the arms of their wearers. Such was the quantity of jewelry collected on the floor after the departure of the guests, that *sou crevde-ure* fet a curiosity to ascertain the sum they represented. He therefore sent for a jeweller, who carefully examined the gems. "What do you value all these at?" said the master of the house, "Monseigneur," replied the jeweller, "the aggregate value is—sixty francs!" This is a fact.

The following answer was made to a young lady who had sent her lover a kiss—in a letter:

Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss you in your letter send.
But, ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When gathered, melting, from the tree!

"What do you know of the defendant, Mr. Thompson? Do you consider him a good musician?" "On that point I wish to swear with great care. I do not wish to intimate that Mr. Van Siope is not a good musician. Not at all. All I wish to say is this: the day after he commenced playing on the clarionet, a saw filer who lived next door, left home, and has never since been heard of." "That will do, Mr. Thompson. Call the next witness."

A young man, in an adjoining town (says the Chicago Democrat) was mightily smitten with the beauty of a young lady whose father had a suit at law which must forever make or break him, and "popped the question." She answered him in the affirmative, and was expressing a desire for immediate marriage, when he thus interrupted her: "I can have the refusal of you for six months, can't I?"

"Don't lay in that posture, my dear," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, who was stretched upon a sofa with his heels a foot or two higher than his head. "Don't lay in so: raise yourself up, and put this pillow under you. I know a young man who once had a suggestion of the brain in consequence of laying so—his brains all run down into his head!" And with this admonition she left him to his nap in the little back sitting-room.

A lady riding in the cars a few weeks since, found herself sitting by the side of an old matron who was exceedingly deaf. "Madam," said she, in a high tone of voice, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, miss?" "I asked you, if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "O, yes, indeed I did! It's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don t see as it done me a bit of good."

"Pat!" said a gentleman to his Hibernian factotum. "Yes sir?" "Did you present that bill for payment I gave you?" "Yes sir." "And what was the gentleman's answer?" "Enative, sir." "Enative? how so?" "Why, sir, he said he'd be hanged if he paid it!"

Dr. Bailie, who was no more famed for his medical skill than for his common sense mode of displaying it, being called to attend an eccentric individual styling himself Dr. Jones, the dramatist, during a nervous attack, which he was subject to, the feeble individual said, "Doctor, do you think I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied the discriminating doctor, "but you do for your reputation."

A Scotch boy had delivered a message to a lady, but did not seem in a hurry to go. Being asked if there was anything else that his mother had bid him say, Jock whimpered out, "She said I wasna to seek onything for cousin', but if ye *good ma'l I was to tak it.*" We need scarcely add, that the hint was taken, and Jock's services were amply rewarded.

"Boss, I want twenty-five cents."
"Twenty-five cents!" How soon do you want it, Jack?"
"Next Tuesday."
"Why! as soon as that! You can't have it. I have often told you that when you are in want of a large sum of money, you must give me at least four weeks' notice!"

Dr. Barrowby, a contemporary of Johnson's, and a great lover of swine's flesh, once uttered the wish, "O, that I were a Jew!" "Why?" asked some one; "the Jews are not allowed to eat your favorite dish." "Because," replied he, "I should then enjoy the taste of the pork with the additional pleasure of sinning."

Jenkins is a spirit rapper. The other night he returned home after midnight, with such a confused idea of everything, that he struck Mr. Thomas's door for his hallway. When we left him he was asking a twenty two foot ladder what had become of his bell-pull and front stoop.

A Tennessee paper tells of a man at Holly Springs, who was so astonished at seeing a lady bringing music from her piano, that after listening for a moment or two, he withdrew his head and hailed to his companion, "I say, Jim! just come here. Here's a woman pulling music out of her chest!"

A foreign paper says that "twenty-one husbands have recently absconded from Sunderland (England), and the authorities have offered a pound a piece for their recapture." The offending gentlemen will also receive a few pounds, doubtless, if ever recovered by their deserted spouses.

A celebrated hangman in England, in showing the gallows attached to Newgate, observed to the bystanders that he had hung twenty persons on it at one time. Some one suggested that it was too small. "O, no, bless you, twenty-five persons could swing on that very comfortably!"

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VOL. XI.
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THE HOM
A TALE O
CHAPTER X
JOHN HUNSDON AN
AFTER Mr. Hunsdon had left
Marsdon's, Aunt Margaret ca
Matty and Elvie till ten o'clock
departure, Matty, who was not
little unwell, was glad to ret
left alone, took the book she
her father, but she could not r
pages. At last she suffered it
her lap, and her hands rested
While she sat thus, many a sad
passed through her mind. Sh
for the sadness she could not c
ed why she could not be conte
comforts and blessings with w
rounded! Her heart was only
swer. The spell which had
sweetest charm was broken. I
Beverly could only have been a
ignorance as to the fact of her un
age—if they had only been suf
they did in their own case, yea
really the daughter of John and
all now might be well.
But every neighborhood ha
may bless its stars, if it have n
Miss Jemima Brush was the go
of the good town of Hazlehurs
sessed of the same inquiring m
sips are, and was impressed wi
of duty to impart the knowled
gained by her prying propensiti
concerned. Hence, she felt it t
inform Herbert Beverly that El
not, as the people of Hazlehurs
ined, the child of Mr. and Mrs.
foundling.
Having discharged her duty a
bert, she was, as she afterward
find that she was still troubled in
another duty to perform, and afte
days and sleepless nights, she sou
terview with Elvie, determined to
the burden, which hourly grew
and had finally become too heav
Elvie listened in perfect sil
Brush thought it strange—and
was disappointed, that she did
own expression, "show more fe
not see that the child had grow
dress of snowy muslin, nor did
sadness, which like a shadow
ed the joy and brilliance, which
before illumined her countenan
understand such undemonstrati
had expected, even hoped, that
and sob, and wring her hand
Brush had finished, Elvie aske
suppressed a voice, if she knew w
her to be true.
"Why, what a question to
certainly I know it to be true, or
said anything about it."
"Who told you?"
"Well, I cannot say that an
but one day when I was at Mrs
I'd gone over to spend the day,
word of what I've told you. Y
state of excitement when I go t
parlor door was open, I walked
knocking, and being tired and
walk, for 'twas an amazing hot
in a rocking-chair. I knew Mrs.
at home, for I heard her voice
when I first entered the room, and
than fairly seated myself, when
Aunt Margaret speak. I didn'
were talking privacy, with all
windows wide open, so I took off
thought I'd listen to what they
the plain truth, I was so astoni
founded when I heard what it wa
faculties seemed to be benumbe
didn't seem to have the power t
foot, so as to give 'em warning,
tongue, it appeared to be fairly
could do, was to sit and listen,
weeks and weeks, breathed a si